

BLUSHES

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NOT TO BE SOLD TO
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BLUSHES

ISSUE THIRTY-ONE

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CONTENTS

After Midnight
Join the Dots
Feedback
Suggestion Box
'Being of Sound Mind...'
All in a good cause
Company Policy
A Top Model
A Mole Uncovered
The end was big and red!



After Midnight



‘Oh God!’ she blurted. ‘Really Simon. Does it *matter* what I’m wearing? What matters is that I’ve got to...’ Claire’s voice tailed off. She wasn’t far from tears.

Simon gave his wife a sympathetic look. ‘I’m sorry, darling. I understand. It was just...well, I thought perhaps he might have specified something.’

Claire’s eyes blazed. She made an exploding sort of sound and ran out of the room. Simon heard her high heels clattering, and stumbling, on the stairs. He blinked and shook his head sadly. Poor Claire. She really was in a state. Not that it was surprising.

As it happened Claire *had* been told what to wear. ‘A formal dress. Black? Have you got a black dress with a long skirt? High heels. Black ones? And stockings. Proper stockings, with a suspender belt. I don’t want any of those tights.’

Claire cringed as she remembered his angry red face, eyes bulging. Why did he have to get like that just over a car? All right it *was* new and BMW’s *were* expensive and she had rather creased up one side. But he could claim it on his insurance. Or hers — or rather Simon’s. But there had been no need to carry on like a madman.

Claire looked in the mirror. She could almost sit down and weep, but that wouldn’t do any good. She had to be round there, at his house, in three quarters of an hour and she had better not be late.

She had told Simon about it, tearfully, that same evening. Told him she’d had a bump in the car and this man...She had to tell Simon anyway because the madman, Mr Milner, was going to telephone Simon. And did. Just as mad on the phone it seemed, as Claire listened at the door with bated breath. Simon had naturally been angry with her. He had gone round to see this awful Milner and offered to settle it on the insurance. But Mr Milner didn’t want that. Simon had looked shaken when he got back. Mr Milner intended to see Claire was done for dangerous driving, he said. A pause. Unless...

Unless what?

Simon red in the face as he reluctantly told her. Mr Milner wanted to give Claire a caning. That was what she deserved and it was the only thing that would satisfy Mr Milner. Apart from taking her to Court.

‘You could be done for it,’ Simon had told her solemnly. ‘He’s got that witness. It could be very awkward.’

‘He can’t cane me!’ Claire had yelled. But she couldn’t risk the other. There could even be a jail sentence. That was too awful to contemplate.

She had had to ring him up, if she agreed to it. Otherwise he was going to the police. She had rung him up, when Simon wasn’t there — to *plead* with Mr Milner. As she might have imagined, from what she had seen of him, she could





as well have pleaded with a brick wall. And it was then that awful Mr Milner told her what she had to wear. Black formal dress, etc.

Claire did have a dress that fitted the description: a black velvet evening dress that Simon had bought her last year for their third wedding anniversary. It was a super dress, ankle length and sleeveless with a deeply scooped-out back. That was partly why Claire had felt so dreadful when Simon had asked what she would be wearing. Having to wear her best, very special dress. But it was the only one that resembled what awful Mr Milner wanted. Because of the scooped-out back you wore it without a bra. Mr Milner couldn't know that but he had in any case specified it. 'No bra underneath. Just a pair of very brief knickers — and of course the suspender belt.'

That harsh voice over the phone. 'Understand, Mrs Kilvert?' She could picture that awful red face. He had gone on. 'And what I shall do, you dreadful creature, is take the knickers down. And put the cane across your bare backside.'

It was a nightmare. That was the only word for it. And the really nightmarish part of it, going round to his house, was now only half an hour away.

Claire pinned the skirt of the dress up, so that it was hidden under her coat. She couldn't bear for Simon to see what she had on. He was down there of course when she went downstairs. She felt absolutely sick. Simon was solicitous. Was



she feeling all right? Claire's anger flared again in spite of the way she felt. 'Of course I'm not all right.' Simon kissed her. 'I know. It's the most awful thing. Sickening. It's sickening for me too you know.'

He went out with her to the car. Their Sierra that had been the cause of all this — though that wasn't exactly true because it had been Claire, driving with her head in the clouds. The Sierra only had minor scratches — unlike the BMW. Simon was keen to know what Claire was wearing under the coat but after the way she had reacted earlier he didn't like to ask. He managed to see, though, surreptitiously lifting her coat slightly, when she got in the car. It was her black dress but with the skirt tucked up out of sight. He looked thoughtful, pursing his lips.

He waved as she drove off. Poor Claire. What dreadful luck, if she was going to have a scrape, to pick someone like this Milner fellow. Standing there, with the car crunching out of the driveway, Simon felt the front of his trousers. His penis was stiff, a full erection. Awful though this business was it was also arousing. The thought of what was shortly to happen. Back in the lounge he sat down and unzipped his trousers.

Mr Milner's house wasn't far, a ten-minute drive. Claire desperately wanted to drive anywhere else. Go out on the motorway and just keep going. But that wouldn't help. There was no way out. She had to take her medicine. Mr Milner





when she got there wasn't quite as red faced as before, not as seething. He had got over the initial shock presumably. They went through, into his brightly-lit lounge.

Claire felt a flicker of hope. He wasn't so angry, and just possibly he might be prepared to listen to reason, to pleading. Well, now he had calmed down somewhat surely he couldn't still want to do that impossible thing. In the lounge, with her coat off now (she had unpinned her skirt in the car), Claire began pleading. She was prepared to grovel, to humiliate herself, as long as there wasn't that final humiliation of what he said he wanted to do. Was she possibly getting through to him?

Mr Milner coldly dashed any such thoughts. 'I have told you what I am going to do, Mrs Kilvert. I am going to cane your backside. You don't like the idea and I find that very gratifying. I don't want you to like it. I want you to *hate* it. And you're going to hate it. I shall make sure it really *hurts* for one thing. I shall do it so that you won't want to sit on your bottom for a week.'

Claire gasped. So much for her fond hopes. Her heart was pounding. She swallowed. Her mouth was suddenly full of saliva. Mr Milner was pointing to the mantelpiece. 'Get it.' She looked. She had been so concerned with her pleadings that

she hadn't seen it, though it was obvious enough. A cane.

'Get it.' He repeated, in a savage voice. Stepping over to the mantelpiece on jelly-like legs. The cane in her hand felt red hot. She couldn't bear to look as she handed the dreadful object to Mr Milner.

'We shall do it right here, young woman. In front of the fireplace. I shall have you kneeling down with your bottom in the air. How does that strike you?'

Claire felt awful now. She felt faint and dizzy and scared.

'Bring that thing over.' He was pointing to a low foot-stool. 'Put it here, in front of the fireplace. You can kneel on it. We want you to be comfortable, don't we? When the cane is slicing across your bare bottom.'

Claire's brain didn't seem to want to work. She felt paralysed. 'Get it!' barked Mr Milner. A little whimper. The message somehow got through to her transfixed legs. She stumbled over. Bent. Carried it. Bent again.

'Now get down on it. And lift your skirt. Let's see what we've got here.'

Making more of those whimpering noises Claire got down. Kneeling with her back to the fireplace. Her mind seemed to be deserting her. Was this happening, or had her agonised brain conjured it up? 'Lift your skirt,' Mr Milner repeated. 'Right up.'



Hesitating, but only for a moment. Mr Milner was not a man to play games with. Sliding the full skirt up, until it was bunched above her waist. Mr Milner's eyes licking over what was revealed: the trim tan stockings, their taut tops stretched tight by the slim straps of the suspender belt; and brief, tight white knickers, spanning ripe hips and partially covering ripe buttocks. All as demanded by Mr Milner. The suspender belt and stockings had in fact been recently bought for Claire by Simon; she would not otherwise have thought of getting them. It was all on show now for dreadful Mr Milner.

'Very choice,' he murmured. 'And very much in need of the sting of the cane, Mrs Kilvert.'

Perhaps he decided there wasn't room to swing the cane properly. At any rate Claire was told to turn round, to face the fireplace. Then bend down, hands on the floor. Her skirt was still up over her back, exposing the ripe swell of her bottom in the skimpy knickers. Mr Milner reached to slide them down. In Claire's bottom-raised position everything was on view. Nothing at all, not the slightest detail, left to the imagination. Was she aware of that? Maybe not, with her head already going round and round.

But she was certainly aware of what happened next. Mr Milner's cane. THWACKKKK!...Squarely across the

fullest curve of her bottom-cheeks.

Claire gave a banshee-like yell, and reared up. As the cane came down...THWACKKKK!...again.

Simon was waiting for Claire when she got back. Sympathy and commiserations came thick and fast. Well, after such an ordeal a girl needs all the support and comfort she can get from her husband. 'I don't...want to talk ab...about it,' Claire stuttered. Simon, his arms round her, said he understood. He made her a drink. But what he was really thinking about was bed. He really did feel great sympathy but at the same time his whole body was throbbing with hot excitement. That same excitement which had caused him to toss himself off earlier. That had only resulted in a temporary assuagement of his libido and it was now more intense than ever.

Claire wasn't sure she wanted sex and especially not with the thought that Simon might be getting gratification as a result of what she had suffered. Simon denied this, what had happened was shocking, he only wanted to comfort her.

He had his way. His quiveringly stiff penis seemed to want to keep on and on comforting her. No sooner had he come than it was up again, stiff and straining and desperate to get once more inside Claire.



'You *are* excited by it, you bastard,' Claire moaned.

* * *

Simon got the pictures from Gerald Milner two days later. Eight-by-ten glossies and marvellous quality considering that Milner had had to shoot them in available light, though he had had his lounge very brightly lit. He had developed and printed them himself and there were just the two sets of prints, one for himself, and the other for Simon and he was destroying the negatives. That was the agreement and Simon trusted him to carry it out. Gerald Milner seemed an honourable man, who would keep his word. Some of the shots were really breathtaking. Where he had her knickers down you could see every detail of her quim with her bottom raised like that. In a couple of them the hidden camera had caught the cane at the very moment of impact, sinking into Claire's tender bottom-flesh.

Poor Claire. It must have been a truly horrendous experience. But it had been her own fault, you couldn't expect to get away with that sort of behaviour on the roads which were murderous enough as it was. And Simon *had* warned her about day-dreaming. The caning had in fact been his own idea. Well, it had certainly been preferable to Milner going to the police, which he had been intent on do-



ing. Once they had agreed on that Simon had thought of the camera idea, photographing the event, and as luck would have it Gerald Milner was a keen photographer and had been able to set it up.

'She's got this really swish evening dress. Black velvet,' Simon had said. 'She'd look fabulous in that. And stockings and suspender belt of course.'

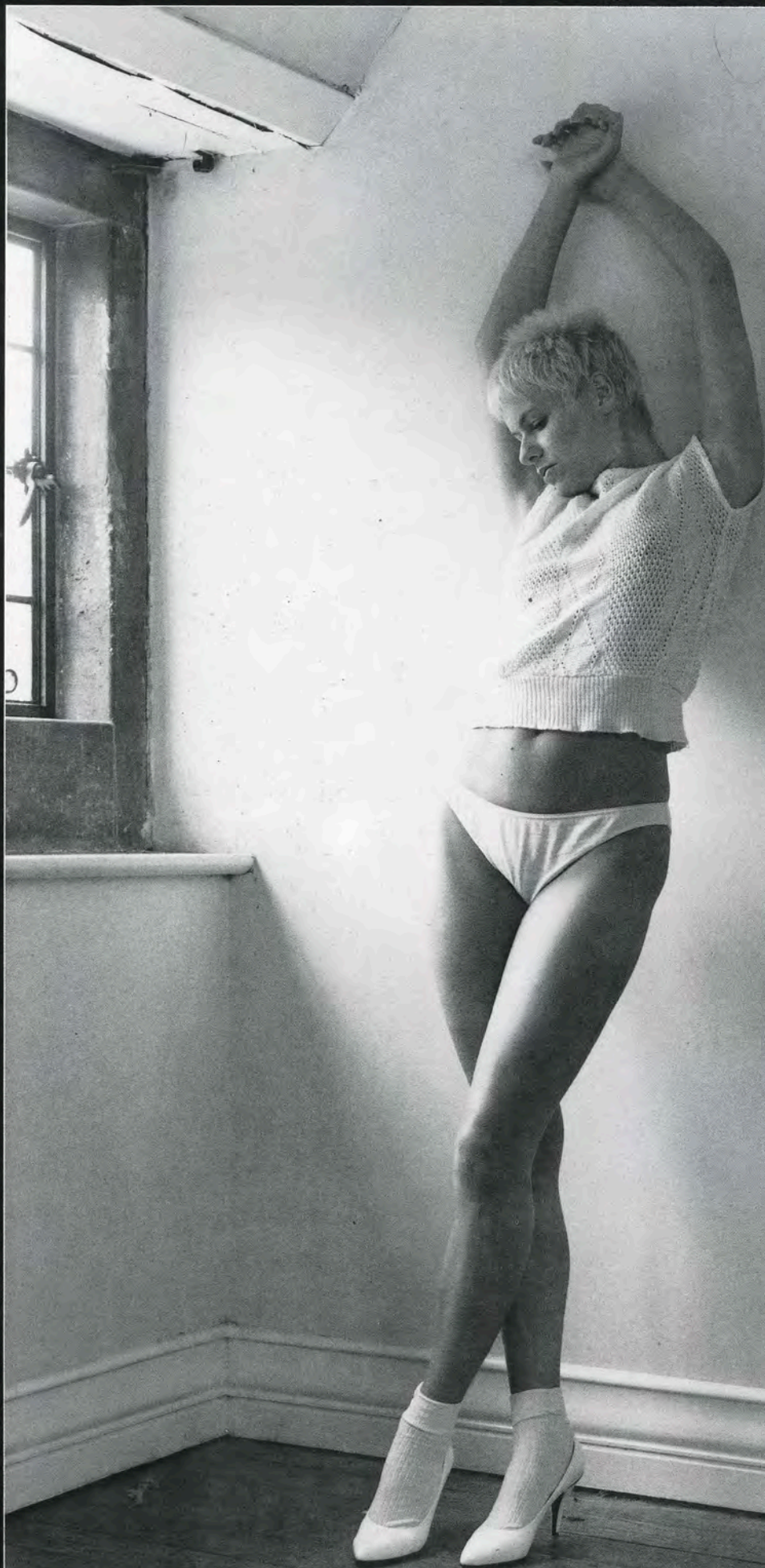
Looking at the photos Simon naturally had a full erection again. Claire was undoubtedly going to have another very active night. The whole thing was fabulously exciting. Driving home Simon mused on what Milner had said. 'Are we sure that one caning was enough? A second session could be useful in really driving the message home.' Simon had looked thoughtful but made no comment.

But there was no doubt something in what he had said. A second session *could* be highly effective — not that Claire hadn't been in a real state after the one. If Milner did it a second time it would have to be in a different outfit of course, so that there'd be a different set of photos. A schoolgirl outfit would be really something. Claire with her clean-cut blonde locks would make a delicious sixth former — she was after all only 21 now. A short skirt and blouse, a striped tie. Black stockings and suspender belt — or could it instead be coy-looking white knee-socks this time?

Christ! The thought, the picture of it, made his mouth go dry.



JOIN THE DOTS...

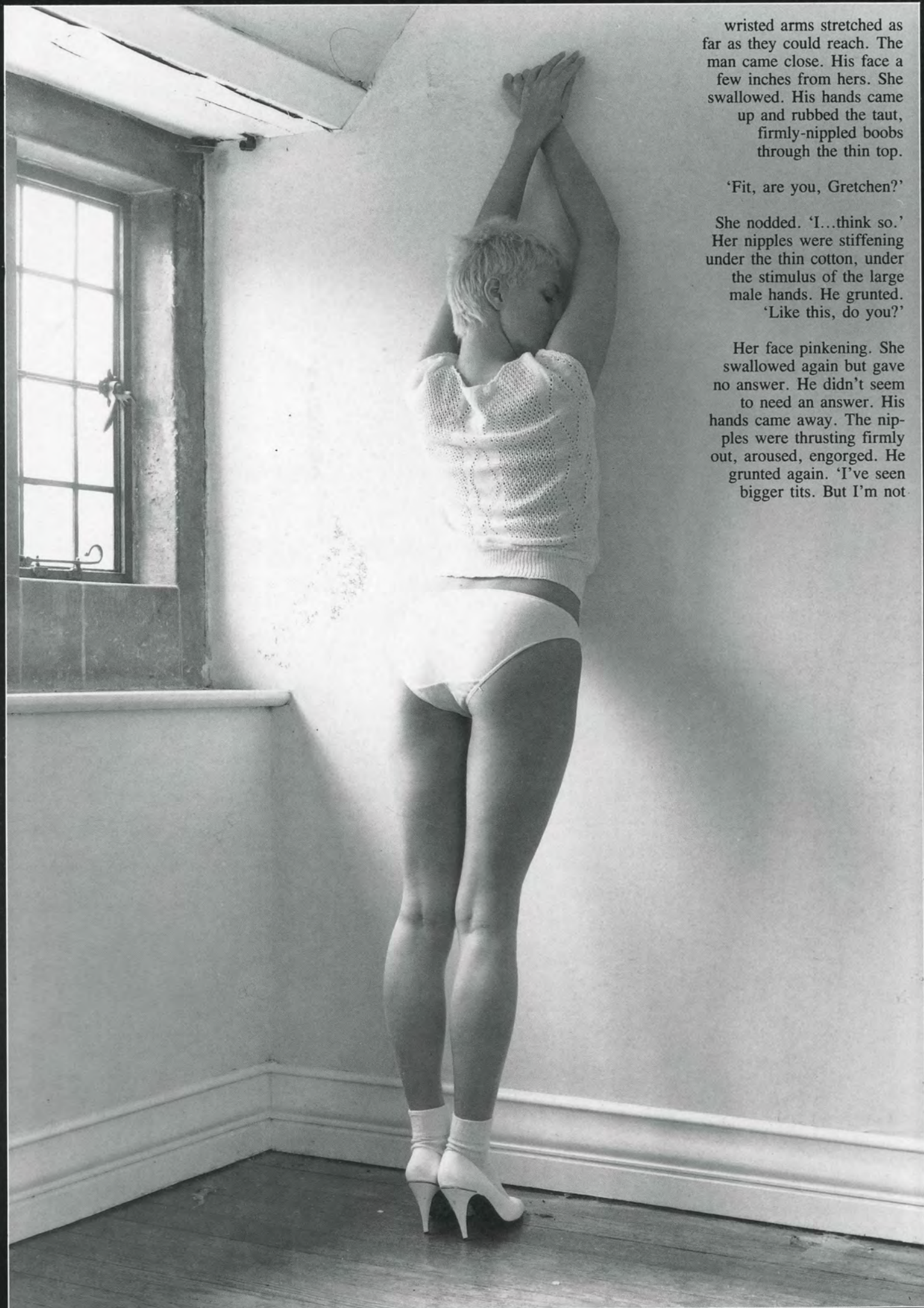


'Stand against the wall,' he said. 'Stand up straight with your arms up. Let's see what you've got.'

A tall athletic girl with short cropped, bright blonde hair. A thin tank top and brief knickers. Ankle socks and high heels. That was all, all of it white. The brief garments revealed a strong, shapely body: small, high, firm tits but muscular looking hips and thighs. A dancer perhaps. She obediently did as she was told.

'Stretch them up. Wrists together. Hang from your arms. As if you were holding on to a rope, or something.'

She complied. Sagging the weight of her full hips against the wall, her cross-

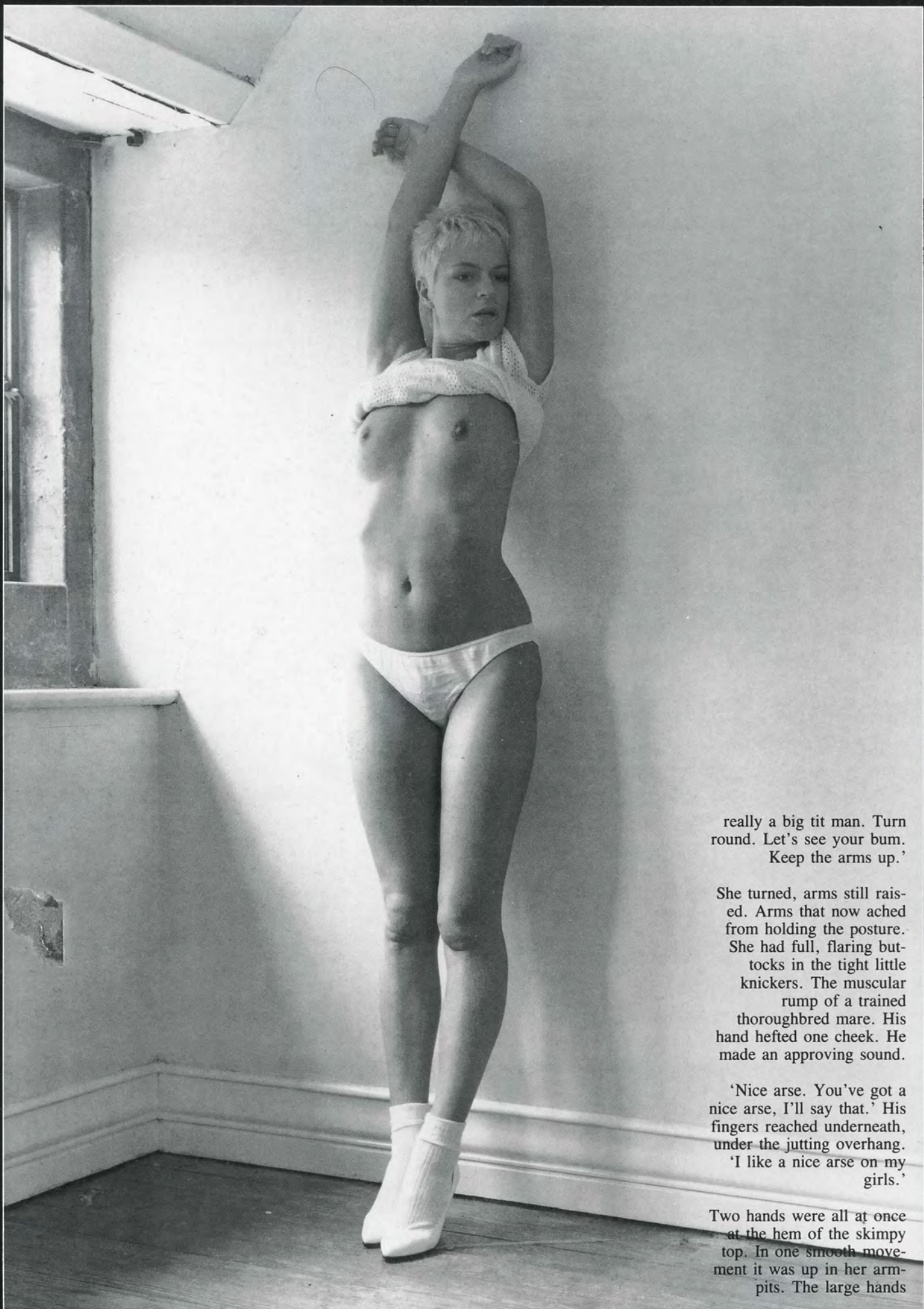


wristed arms stretched as far as they could reach. The man came close. His face a few inches from hers. She swallowed. His hands came up and rubbed the taut, firmly-nippled boobs through the thin top.

'Fit, are you, Gretchen?'

She nodded. 'I...think so.' Her nipples were stiffening under the thin cotton, under the stimulus of the large male hands. He grunted. 'Like this, do you?'

Her face pinkening. She swallowed again but gave no answer. He didn't seem to need an answer. His hands came away. The nipples were thrusting firmly out, aroused, engorged. He grunted again. 'I've seen bigger tits. But I'm not

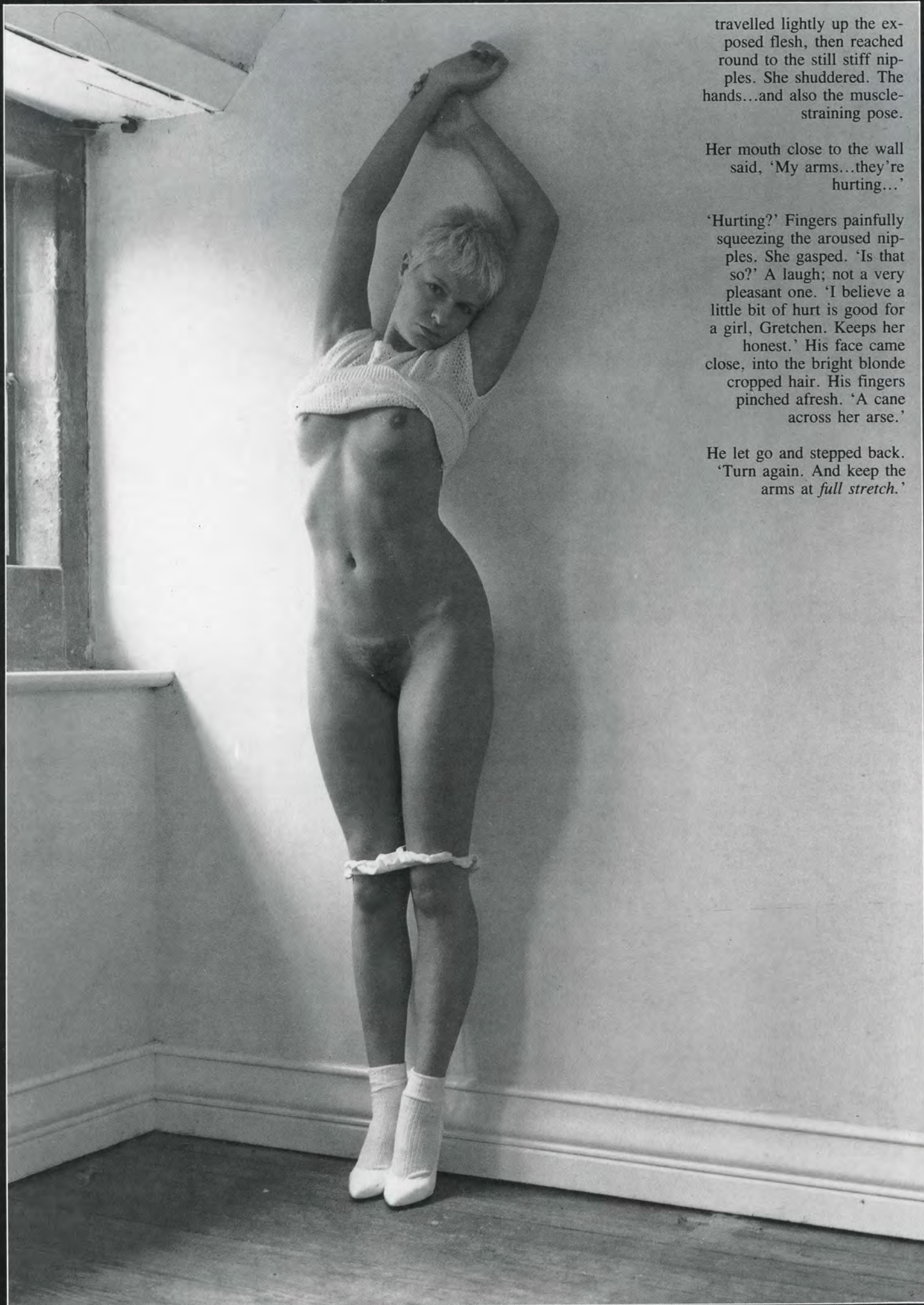


really a big tit man. Turn round. Let's see your bum. Keep the arms up.'

She turned, arms still raised. Arms that now ached from holding the posture. She had full, flaring buttocks in the tight little knickers. The muscular rump of a trained thoroughbred mare. His hand hefted one cheek. He made an approving sound.

'Nice arse. You've got a nice arse, I'll say that.' His fingers reached underneath, under the jutting overhang. 'I like a nice arse on my girls.'

Two hands were all at once at the hem of the skimpy top. In one smooth movement it was up in her armpits. The large hands

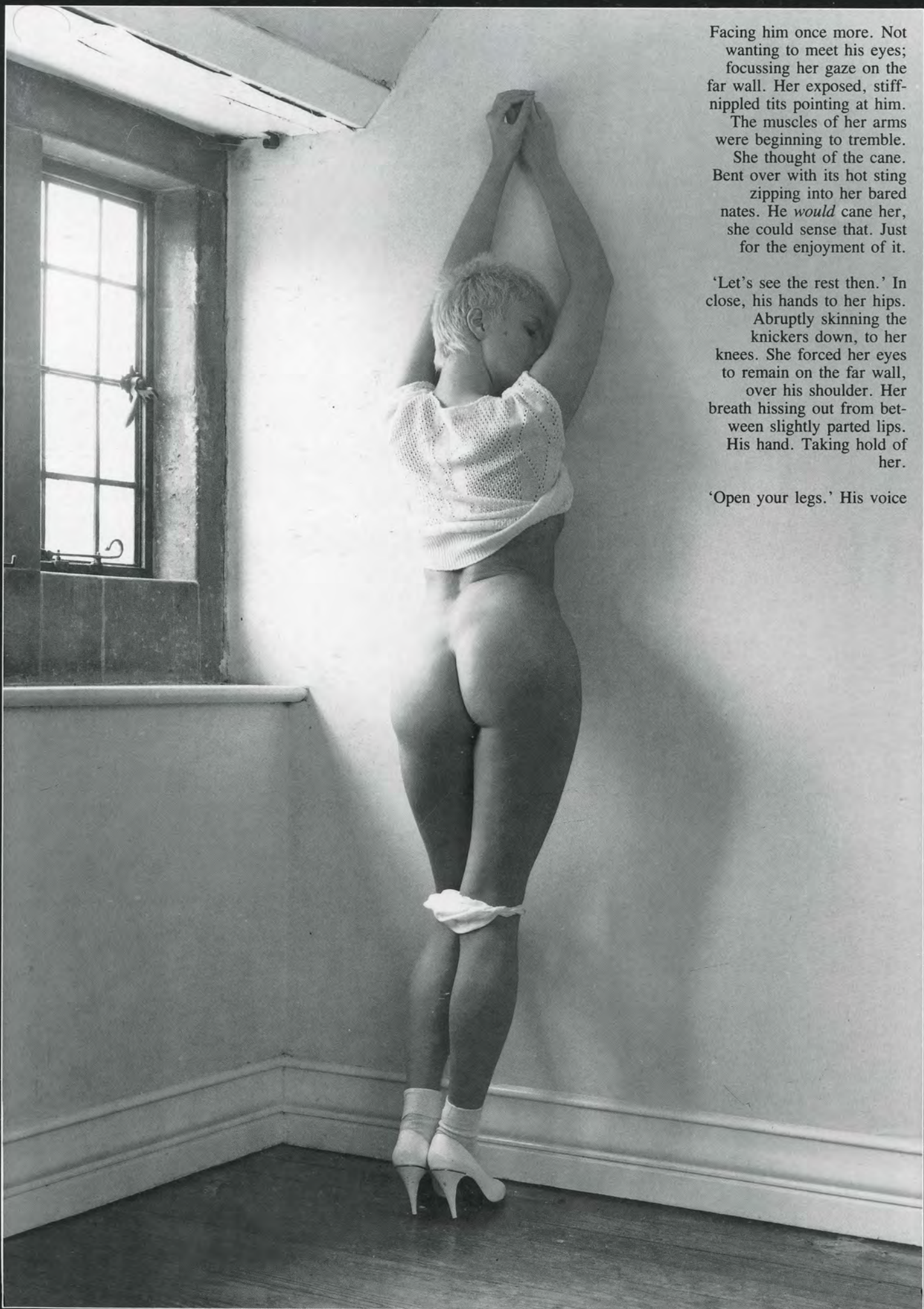


travelled lightly up the exposed flesh, then reached round to the still stiff nipples. She shuddered. The hands...and also the muscle-straining pose.

Her mouth close to the wall said, 'My arms...they're hurting...'

'Hurting?' Fingers painfully squeezing the aroused nipples. She gasped. 'Is that so?' A laugh; not a very pleasant one. 'I believe a little bit of hurt is good for a girl, Gretchen. Keeps her honest.' His face came close, into the bright blonde cropped hair. His fingers pinched afresh. 'A cane across her arse.'

He let go and stepped back. 'Turn again. And keep the arms at *full stretch*.'



Facing him once more. Not wanting to meet his eyes; focussing her gaze on the far wall. Her exposed, stiff-nippled tits pointing at him. The muscles of her arms were beginning to tremble. She thought of the cane. Bent over with its hot sting zipping into her bared nates. He *would* cane her, she could sense that. Just for the enjoyment of it.

'Let's see the rest then.' In close, his hands to her hips. Abruptly skinning the knickers down, to her knees. She forced her eyes to remain on the far wall, over his shoulder. Her breath hissing out from between slightly parted lips. His hand. Taking hold of her.

'Open your legs.' His voice



low. 'Just...that's better.'
Fingers sliding in. Sliding
along her entrance. His
voice a low growl. 'Like
some action here, do we,
Gretchen? Eh?' The fingers
opening the lips. Her mouth
opening but she didn't
speak. Just try...and con-
centrate...on her aching
arms. On the wall. He
could do just what he
wanted of course.

The fingers stopped what
they were doing. A harsh
laugh. The fingers sharply
pinched the soft inside of
her thigh. She squealed.

'Turn again. Let's have
another look at the bum.'
Obediently turning. 'Now
bend your knees. Let it
stick out.'



Doing that too. No question of not doing exactly as he wanted. Letting her ripe bottom thrust out, and drop down. To where his waiting hand was. Hissing her breath out but not flinching from the invasive contact. The fingers making her sweat but her arms now, her shoulder joints, were throbbing with hot insistent pain. So that the insult of the fingers, their brusque examination, seemed less important.

'Yes,' he said. 'Yes. I think so, Gretchen.'

* * *

Outside he spoke to the other man. No serious argument. The form was signed. Back in the room Gretchen was rubbing aching shoulder joints.

'Good,' he said. 'Very good. Pull your knickers up. Have you got any clothes?' She said Yes. He was fastening the tag with his name on round her wrist.



Dear Editor,
I think I may claim as so many of your readers do that I am one of your faithful readers. While your competitors in the C.P. scene seem to become more bland and more uninteresting, your publications continue to give us exciting yarns and photo stories of sexy young ladies to match.

Typical of your forte is the story 'Who Really Understands Girls' in *Blushes* 28. To have two young ladies involved as you have in this yarn, mature Paula (nearly 30) and nymphette Sandra (five foot two in her nylon hose) is for me at least a real bonus. Talk about two for the price of one.

I am glad to note that *Uniform Girls*, after a slight flat patch, has returned to its usual high class standard. Of course nurses will always appeal to the majority of us but to couple Joanne, a real Audrey Hepburn look-a-like with the technology of the computer was a real inspiration.

Remember how you promised ages ago for the delectable Linda to write us a monthly column? Well I reckon that the delectable Joanne could well fill her place.

P.C.

Dear *Blushes*,
I give you one true story, which has played on my mind since I heard about it last week, and especially as I know the girls involved.

I was at a cocktail party; Penny the wife of one of my closest friends had had quite a few glasses of wine and was very talkative.

We got round to their two daughters who happened to be there helping serve the eats. I jokingly said that they were getting big girls now, especially in the sitting region. Well this really got the ball rolling, 'Don't talk to me about bottoms,' Penny said, 'I've had enough problems on that subject.'

Well how could I leave it there? After a few more questions, I found out that she and Paul, her husband, have been having great rows over the girls' discipline.

Paul has apparently started to get very protective towards the girls and has in fact started to spank them quite regularly.

Lisa, the eldest, I think she is now nineteen, has had her bottom spanked every week for the past five

weeks and Jessica has had her bottom spanked three times in the last month.

Apparently, Penny was in agreement that a spanking might be a good idea after Lisa had come home three times very over her allowed time. Jessica was getting very rude and stubborn, so she too was given a spanking.

The trouble began when Paul started to spank the girls on their bare bottoms; they had to put their pyjamas on and go to the master bedroom, where a chair was placed in front of two mirrored sliding wardrobes, the girls then went over their step-fathers knee for a prolonged bare bottom spanking.

There were many heated words over the fact that they had been spanked bare in front of a large mirror, but the final outrage came when Penny found Lisa sitting on top of the radiator in the bedroom, warming her bottom up before she was spanked.

Lisa had taken the spankings in her stride, but Paul was now making them far too long and hard for any girl to take in a reasonable and dignified manner. When she told her father that things were getting too hot, he told her to warm her bottom up first, have a hot bath, sit on the radiator; 'That will prepare it for the spanking, then it won't hurt as much.'

Well, she had taken her step-father at his word and was warming up on the radiator. Penny was furious; not only was he spanking the girl's bare bottom in front of a mirror, he was making the girl heat her bottom before he spanked it.

Well we never really finished the conversation as Paul interrupted us. Anyway I hope you may be able to use this letter, the thought of Lisa sitting on the radiator definitely appeals.

D.S.R., Surrey

Dear Sir,
Having barely restrained myself from writing letters of criticism over the past few months I am delighted to be writing in praise of 'Uniform Girls 15'. It's splendid to see that girls are once again coming in for their fair share of punishment.

Looking back I'm sorry we doubted you. But in the past much-loved publications have changed character without warning, always for the

worse and always by becoming more timid, more decorous and less severe. We look to you to provide us with the firmest punishments, the most titillating forms of humiliation at present on offer, so any evidence of a climb-down is extremely worrying. No doubt restrictions apparent in recent editions were forced upon you. I think you did enough in 1986 to prove you had our interests at heart, so let's hope you are going to make up for lost time with a real blitz over the next few issues.

I must applaud the photography, though this is usually the aspect of your publications I find least satisfactory, being a confirmed 'tears and weals' man. The highly revealing pictures of the girl on her back across the desk, legs tucked back and everything on show, were most exciting. More brilliant lighting, a sharper lens and slower film speed would improve them even more, as we want to see every detail.

I enjoyed the pictures of the girl sitting on the stairs in the first story, though her skirt was far too short to be realistic. I know you tried to explain this away in the text, but there really is little point in straying away from what today's girls are actually wearing, for a bit of a leg show — their modesty is going to be fully outraged by the end of the photo-set. You set great store by your attention to the girls' clothing and there's no excuse for being unaware of current fashion. You need only glance at the relevant pages of mail order catalogues if you find it too much trouble actually to look at girls in the streets. Many girls today wear skirts well below the knee, but still very sexy because of their shape and tightness, gathered behind the knee by buttoned straps. Thus their bums are given great prominence.

Although I take JC's point that 'uniform' can mean anything a cruel master chooses to dress his charges in, for me the bigger thrill comes from seeing a totally convincing nurse, maid, waitress or the like, being put through the mill. Like P.L. in the letter which preceded his very successful questionnaire in 'Whispers 4' I like to think of genuine members of these institutions and occupations being compared with the thoroughly punished victims of your photographs and stories.

The highlight of 'Uniform Girls 15' is of course the one and only letter, where a Manchester gentleman dreams up a fortnight's torment for his next-door-neighbour's eighteen year old daughter. Your publications

certainly seem to have had a liberating effect on the male imagination! I have enjoyed all the recent letters on that subject, especially where photographs have been included — what a fat arse Katie has in a recent 'Supplement'!

I do hope we'll be seeing and hearing a lot more about other peoples fantasy 'victims' in the near future. I'm glad that your Manchester reader had next-door's Mandy doing all the most unpleasant and dirty jobs he could think of. The nice thing about his regime is that it is unrelenting, as every detail has been so carefully worked out to give Mandy the worst possible time.

I think the story I enjoyed most in 'Uniform Girls 15' was the one in which Hilary was caned by three men. What I liked most was the fact that the girl turned out to be completely innocent of the offence for which her bottom had suffered 18 cuts of the cane. I suppose it's my nature, but I always especially enjoy situations where the girl has done nothing wrong and yet is still subjected to the most painful of punishments and the most soul-destroying of humiliations. That's why I like the victims to be absolutely vulnerable to shameless exploitation.

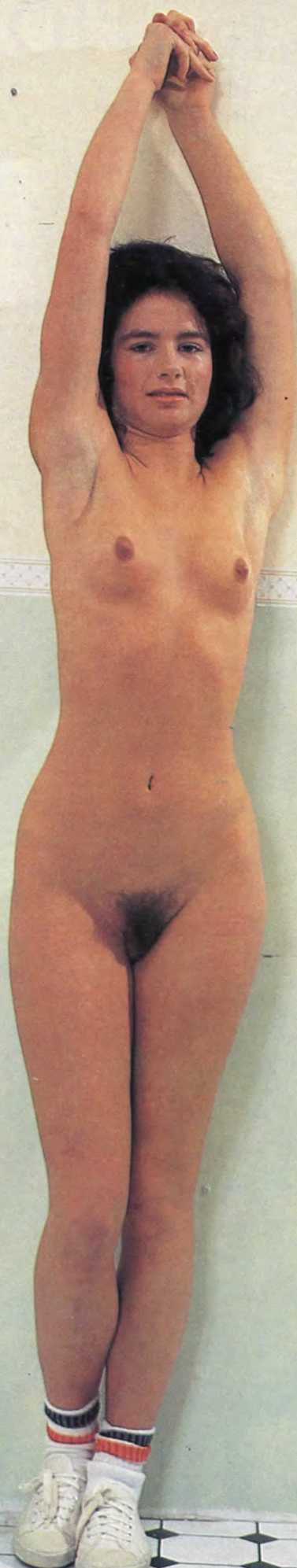
I cannot state too strongly my delight at seeing you back to full power again with this latest 'Uniform Girls'. However, there is still a long way to go before you come near to satisfying the desires of your readers, if the letters are to be taken at face value. I cannot at present foresee a situation in which you come up with an idea which goes too far for your fans — I think the message so far is, the more the girls suffer, the more happy we are!

C.N.

ADMISSION



POSITION



SUGGESTION BOX

Dear Sir,
How about this as an idea for a photo story?

A middle aged couple whose daughter has long ago left home to live abroad pick up a bedraggled young hitch-hiker one night on their way home. It is clear from what she tells them that she has nowhere to go and is trying to escape from an unhappy life or experience. She falls asleep in the back of the car and the couple talk together about what might be done. They agree to take her home with them and they see the opportunity to fulfill a very special fantasy.

The girl wakes up when they stop the car. She is confused at first but is reassured by the woman. They take her into their house telling her that she cannot possibly risk going any further on a night like this. Once in the house, the girl is encouraged to get out of her wet clothes. The woman remains in the room to help and the girl finds herself being undressed completely. She is wrapped in a large towel and settled into an armchair. The man returns with a tray of hot drinks.

Once the girl has finished her drink she is told that she must have a nice hot bath before bed. She is guided up the stairs to the bathroom and stands by as the woman runs the bath. It slowly dawns on her that the woman has no intention of leaving; she protests but is told she is being a silly girl. She declares that she is eighteen and not a child; in spite of herself she finds herself pouting and stamping her foot. The woman becomes more angry and rips the towel from her; with surprising strength she grasps the girl by her ear and forces her into the water. To hide her embarrassment the girl curls up in the bath; the woman calls for her husband. Together they bath the now very frightened girl. She is flushed with shame as they soap and clean every part of her body. They tell her that she is just as wayward as their daughter used to be but they know what to do about that.

After the bath she is dried by the man and then powdered across the woman's lap. A pair of girls pyjamas are produced and although they are very tight she squeezes into them

gratefully. She is taken along to a bedroom which clearly, from the decoration and toys, is that of their daughter when she was young. They both lecture her sternly about her behaviour in the bathroom and they tell her that she must be punished. She finds herself standing at the man's knee as he pulls down the tight pyjama bottoms. He pulls her down across his knee and begins to spank her. He starts slowly but soon he is delivering a brisk and painful spanking to the defenceless young bottom.



When he finishes the girl is in tears and is grateful for the comforting cuddle given by the woman. They help her to put her very red bottom back into the pyjamas and tuck her up in bed.

The following day she wakes up and can hardly believe that she has not dreamed the whole thing, but no, there is the strange room. She gets out of bed and finds a pile of clothes on the chair. She examines them and then gets dressed. She gets out of the pyjamas and puts on the things that have been left for her. She finds that although they just about fit they are small, short and young for her. She

puts on navy cotton pants and vest followed by a short blue cotton dress with puff sleeves. She feels a little silly but nevertheless ties her hair in bunches, a style she has not used for some considerable time.

She goes downstairs and finds the woman finishing breakfast. The man has left for work. The woman tells her that they have decided she should stay for a while. The girl looks bewildered but doesn't protest. The girl finds herself unable to counter the dominant attitude of this woman and still less the man when he returns home in the evening. They say that she needs to be taken in hand before she ruins her life and since her own parents were clearly incapable they will undertake the task. In particular they will return her to proper discipline. To demonstrate what they intend to do they tell her she is to be spanked again. She protests that she has not misbehaved and they cite this as an example of impertinence. The woman takes her first. Sitting in an upright chair she pulls the girl across her lap and pulls up the skirt of her short blue dress. She then skillfully pulls down the girls panties and removes them completely. The man settles himself within a few feet of the girl and is treated to tantalising glimpses between the girls thighs. His pleasure is increased as his wife begins to spank. The chubby bottom is soon reddening under her stinging spansks and as the girl begins to squeal in pain she struggles and kicks her legs, affording him even better views.

When the woman is tired the girl is transferred to the man's lap. He pulls the dressback up out of the way and begins work on the already very sore cheeks. Before he is finished the girl is howling for mercy and is totally under their control. She is sent, still crying, to stand in the corner. She is ordered to take off the dress and to put her hands on her head making a charming picture of contrition, and later when the man and woman are ready for more entertainment with their new 'plaything', she is sent to her room, with instructions to pull down her knickers and wait at the end of the bed. The girl wails in protest but does as she is told. What do the couple have in mind for their new 'daughter'?

D.T.R.

'Being of Sound Mind...'

Daddy seemed right as usual when he said my expensive Convent education and secretarial training had been a waste of money. Unlike many other twenty year olds in the depressed North, I might have a Sloan Ranger accent, a second language and a host of office skills but just the same I was, in common with most of them, unemployed.

Sitting about the house all day and going out for occasional beery evenings with what passed locally for eligible men was turning out to be a complete bore: I missed my school friends terribly and wondered if I was the only one to be so disenchanted with life.

I forced myself to get out of bed one dreary October morning, strolled downstairs to meet Mummy's disapproving gaze and found waiting for me a letter from Kirsty Coulthard. We'd been friendly enough at St Mary's, but she'd left at sixteen and was apparently now enjoying a terrific lifestyle in Edinburgh working for a solicitor. Hence the letter: she'd met a mutual acquaintance the week before who'd told her about me, and Kirsty was writing to say that Mr McColl, the solicitor, was desperate for a 'presentable girl' and could she tell him that I would be 'absolutely spot-on', (good old Kirsty!). She ended with love and kisses, giving me a phone number to ring if I was interested. Interested! Phew, after this dump the idea of Edinburgh, freedom...money! was intoxicating. I rang at once and the outcome was an interview was arranged for the following Thursday.

That day I spent ages dressing and making-up for the interview, and on the train wondered if Mr McColl would think me attractive: Kirsty had hinted that he had an eye for the girls. I knew I wasn't beautiful but I did have some good points: my dark curly hair and brown eyes I had discovered could be used on men to devastating effect. My figure, on the other hand, had always been a disappointment to me in that my boobs, though high and firm, were not as full as I would have liked, and my bottom, apparently a point of great interest to all my boyfriends, seemed to me to be too big and to stick out in a way that attracted their feeling, squeezing hands at every opportunity. My legs were perhaps my best feature, being long and shapely, and I planned to make full use of them at the interview if I could!





Mr McColl turned out to be about 45, small and balding but obviously a very successful lawyer. He made me comfortable in his elegant book-lined room and said that Kirsty had recommended me most strongly. He checked my RSA certificates and the references I had brought, gave me a brief shorthand and typing test, then said, 'If you're the same sort as Kirsty, you'll be just what I need.' He looked steadily at me and I felt about sixteen under the gaze of his unblinking eyes. 'But I must make it clear from the outset that I insist my girls are punctual, hard-working and dress properly. In short, Sally, I need to know whether you are a girl who can accept that sort of discipline.'

'I think you'll be satisfied by me, Mr McColl,' I replied, 'I hope so anyway.'

'I believe you went to the same school as Kirsty. How is life in a Convent School these days?'

'Oh, the Nuns were pretty strict, Sir. But of course we, Kirsty and I that is, were often rather naughty. We paid for our naughtiness in the end, though.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' he said, 'The younger generation could do with a firmer set of rules than they have in most schools these days, don't you agree?'





'Yes I do, actually,' I replied, 'one knows where one is with a clear set of rules.'

The outcome was that I was taken on and arrived in Edinburgh ten days later to begin work. At first I lodged with a dear old soul in Leith Road, but after a couple of weeks, Kirsty's flatmate left and I was able to move in with her, which was very cosy — all bedtime chats about men and our dreams of the future!

Around this time I met Andrew Reid at a dinner party given by Kirsty's Aunt. He was a Civil Engineer, very quiet and shy but so attractive! To be honest, I had to make quite a bit of the early running but he was, (and is), worth it!

My first weeks at the office were happy, busy ones. The work was interesting and demanding and I thought I was coping rather well. Pride goes before...! One dreadful afternoon I was to deliver a brief to Mr McColl. Like an idiot, I managed to go to the wrong court. By the time I had discovered my error and taxied to the right one, our case was long over. Mr McColl had, brilliantly, defended our client without any notes and, to my immense relief, had secured an acquittal. But...he was absolutely furious: 'I'll deal with you in the morning,' he said, stalking past me.

That night I asked Kirsty 'What did he mean? Will he sack me?'

'Not unless you're mad — all he'll want to do is spank your bottom — he's spanked me five times since I've been here!'

'But, he's my boss and...I've never had a man do that before. I'd die of shame.'

'Oh, Sally, you had plenty of it at school, and besides, it's exciting when a man does it; and afterwards you feel, oh, you know, so fruity. Andrew is bound to get the benefit! But if you really want to soften his heart and his hand, she walked over to her chest of drawers, wear these.' Thus saying she held up a frilly white suspender belt and what looked like a pair of our old green school knickers.

'I've never worn suspenders before, Kirsty, and surely he won't find these knicks at all glamorous?'

'Don't you believe it. All men get a terrific turn-on seeing a girl in them, didn't you know?'

There and then I began to try on the undies she'd produced. Kirsty was so particular about where the suspenders were fastened and how tight they were. It was all like our happy schooldays when we used to help each other dress up for special occasions. Kirsty's hands were smooth and warm when she ran them over my thighs and my bottom: 'Oh, he'll like this!' she murmured.

'You don't mean it'll be on the bare, Kirsty?'

'Of course! And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he increases your pay afterwards, if you take it well. One rise





deserves another he says!

I'm afraid that I must confess that what occurred next was really rather naughty — for big girls like us anyway. Kirsty seemed so kind and reassuring that her caresses became ever more essential to me. Kirsty had learned to perfection the art of pleasing one of her own sex and her heavenly hands, fingers and lips led me up to an exploding paradise. In gratitude I enviously stroked her full breasts, the dark nipples rigid and appealing, then kissed them as I knew she liked. Impatiently she pulled my hand down to her big black bush and gasped as I began to do what she longed for. In moments she shuddered to a climax and we lay together sweating and exhausted on her little bed. I wondered about Andrew: I hadn't yet begun to sleep with him but I could sense that the time was not far off when we would become lovers. That would be different.

The following morning I set off for work in some trepidation and waited anxiously for Mr McColl to appear. It felt so odd to have bare thighs and to be wearing stockings, but the lovely cosy feel of those schoolgirl knicks was super. Despite what Kirsty had said, though, I thought I'd feel so embarrassed when he saw them. At last he arrived, beckoned me into his beautiful office and straight-to-the-point said, 'You do accept you've been a very naughty girl and your action yesterday might have resulted in an innocent man being sent to prison?'

'Yes, Sir, I'm so sorry,' was all I could say. I looked down at the carpet, waiting for his sentence on me.

'I propose to put you over my knee, Sally, and teach you a lesson; what do you say to that?'

'Sir, well, if it'll make me a better secretary and, er, yes, Sir, I suppose I deserve it.'

Slowly he drew me over his lap — I remember his formal trousers and his shiny shoes. Roughly his hand pushed my head down nearly to the floor, then — the shame of it — my skirt was lifted and...silence. I thought for one moment of hope that my knicks might be left up, but soon his male fingers were in the waistband yanking them down to my stocking tops. There was a long, long pause and I braced myself.

'Be a good girl and relax that bottom.'

Another wait. It seemed endless. Then: SMACK!! 'Ouch!' His hand hurt much more than I had expected. SMACK!! The other cheeks. 'Oohh!' SMACK! SMACK! in quick succession. Then another pause. I felt the tingling redness in my poor bum developing. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!!!

'Oh, oh, oh, Sir, it hurts!'

'It's meant to, you silly girl.'

SMACK! on my right, SMACK! on my left cheek. Through the pain and humiliation I felt a tingling wetness between my legs and wondered if Kirsty could hear my spanking, and did my bottom appeal to him as much as her slim boyish one had?

One final SMACK! across my whole backside and I sensed something happen to him. 'All forgiven now, Sally,' he said. 'You can get up and go back to your office. You will find your pay-slip is rather better than usual this month; I like to reward a girl who learns from her mistakes and who catches on quickly to what's wanted here!'

Blushing, I pulled up Kirsty's green knickers and stumbled out. Sitting at my desk was jolly uncomfortable I can tell you. Even if I hadn't had a hard smacking, the unfamiliar suspenders were pressing into my thighs. I longed for the evening when I was to see Andrew: I would be safe and cherished then. But at the same time my excitement returned as I thought of Mr. McColl and how long he'd spent just looking at, (and admiring?), my bottom, and how forceful and masculine he had been. I truly loved gentle Andrew, but wished that he too could sometimes just take what he wanted — I suppose every woman is like that at heart.

We met that evening and had a few drinks in town, finally ending up at his flat. 'What's the matter, Sally,' he asked, 'you're so restless tonight?'

I'd had enough to drink to have the courage to confess all: tenderly and lovingly Andrew undressed me, turned me over and saw my rosy red bum. Then he bent and covered it with kisses. I don't understand the mechanism that triggered me off then but the feelings I'd felt pent up since that morning burst and I reached out, unbuckled Andrew's trousers and fell back onto the bed with him





to make the most amazing love I've ever experienced. Later, I apologise about the school knickers, saying they were really Kirsty's, and how I would wear more glamorous ones for him next time.

'Sssh, my love,' he whispered, 'they're absolutely gorgeous. You'd really please me if you got a pair of your own and, er, well, some other schoolgirly things — you know what I mean.'

'Of course, darling,' I replied. I would have done anything on earth for him.

Edinburgh has this super department store in Princes Street which stocked uniforms for all the local schools, and one lunchtime I diffidently approached the counter and asked the motherly assistant to show me some regulation school knickers.

'What colour, dearie?'

'Er, perhaps navy blue.'

'Aye, they'll be for your young sister, no doubt.'

The penny dropped that a large proportion that this lady sold were not in any way for young sisters.

'She'll be a big girl, is she? Perhaps these'll be the size,' and a pair was held up that we both knew would fit me. 'You'll need a pair of white knee socks and we have some lovely little pleated gym skirts over there, dear, if you'll care to look.'

So it was I left the shop bearing the clothes that Andrew had asked for. Isn't it odd that grown men seem so fond of things like that? I'll never understand it.

Life went splendidly for me that winter: I was independent, grown up and in love. I felt sure that Andrew and I were right for each other. We enjoyed the life of Edinburgh to the full, going to concerts, dining with his married friends or just walking hand in hand to Arthur's Seat. Our love life was simply marvellous — Andrew was strong yet gentle and I was so anxious to please. He loved having me dress up, sometimes in tarty stockings and red undies or sometimes in my schoolgirl kit: this latter was a great success and seemed to drive him wild, especially when I put my hair into bangs and pouted and teased him before letting him yank down my navy knickers. I wondered if he would get round to wanting to spank my bum like Mr McColl had done — Kirsty said it was a thing all men wanted to do — but he didn't. Perhaps he was still a little shy with me.

One lunchtime I met him as I sometimes did in Charlotte Square and we walked happily together in the weak northern sunshine. He was a little agitated and asked if we could have dinner at Doodles that evening in Thistle Street. This restaurant was a special place for us: we had dined there on our first date. I was sure that Andrew was making plans to propose to me that night. Excitedly I rushed back to the office, my mind a maelstrom of thoughts. What should I wear, how would he lead up to it, even, prosaically, would there be enough hot water for my bath?

Five o'clock saw me skipping out of the office on Cloud Nine, dashing into shops before they closed to buy last minute things, then rushing home.

That evening was just wonderful: Andrew asked me to marry him in the most old-fashioned way and the Maitre D had obviously been forewarned and appeared at the right moment with a bottle of champagne for us to toast each other. Later we phoned Mum and Daddy from the flat to tell them our news, then closed my bedroom door to the world. I was glad I'd put on my lovely white virginal (!) teddy and the matching pants and stockings. Andrew seemed to appreciate them too — the effect on him was fantastic!

Next morning Andrew dropped me at the office, but my mind was miles away. Until 10 o'clock. At that moment the intercom from Mr McColl called me in. He sounded grim and when I got into his room I soon realised why.

'You sent out two important documents yesterday, Sally.'

'Yes, Mr McColl. Mr Sinclair's Will and the inventory of Mr Ritchie's house contents for his property in Walton Street.'

'With one rather serious piece of carelessness.'

I frowned. I knew I had been excited yesterday but I'd taken great care to type the documents accurately and had thoroughly checked them both.

'You stupidly mixed the envelopes. Of course you realise, because you typed it, that Mr Sinclair's new Will cuts out his sister altogether from his estate, but what you didn't know is that the



sister in question is Mrs Ritchie.'

I could only stand there and feel as foolish as I no doubt looked.

'Now I happen to know Mr Ritchie well, and I'm sure that by now he'll be in a colossal rage. Only one course of action will stand any chance of rescuing this firm's reputation and, just as important, satisfy my immediate desire to bring some retribution to you for your thoughtless action.'

From the drawer he produced a long two-tailed leather tawse and laid it on the desk. It looked well used and unbelievably painful. My stomach turned over as I realised what was to come.

'You will get your knickers down and kneel on that stool for a good dose of this.'

I knew Scottish girls had the tawse rather than the cane that English schools preferred, but I'd never seen one until that moment.

'If you refuse this punishment, Sally, you can pack up and leave this office now: make up your mind.'

My heart sank; I needed this job more than ever and when we were married Andrew and I couldn't manage without my salary if we were to pay the mortgage on a decent house. There was no real choice: I held up my office skirt, then Mr McColl drew my french knickers down. His hand ran up the inside of my thigh and I realised that he wanted my legs parted: anything to please him and deflect his anger, I thought, and moved my feet apart. He returned to the desk, picked up the tawse and took his position. As before, the waiting nearly broke me, but in the end the strap came down with a colossal noise and a shock of pain flashed through my buttocks. Again and again that awful tawse bit into my bum, till I cried out, 'No more, Mr McColl, please; please, please stop, Sir.' And eventually he did. Tears were rolling down my cheeks and I rubbed desperately at my bottom to try and relieve the agony. My whole body seemed centred on my bottom — I'm sure it had swelled to twice its normal size. I lay there panting with all kinds of sensations, then, slowly, stood up. He was standing at his desk watching me. I was past caring what he'd seen when I bent over with my legs open.

'Remove your knickers' he commanded.

I slipped out of them to hear his rasped command, 'Fold them neatly, girl. You haven't yet heard the rest of your punishment: you are to go round to Mr Ritchie's immediately. I've been on the phone and he's expecting you. Now be on your way — take a taxi on the firm.'

Mr interview with Mr Ritchie was odd, to say the least. He was a very old man and clearly not too well. 'Now I've heard all about your misfortunes, lassie. No doubt you're sorry now you mixed up those letters. Of course you weren't responsible for the change in my brother-

in-law's Will, but the knowledge of it nearly gave my wife a stroke.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr Ritchie.'

'So I believe. Show me how sorry.'

I looked at him, questioningly, but I knew what he wanted. Slowly, I lifted my skirt and turned my back towards him.

'My, my' he gasped, 'McColl has gone a bit far there, lassie.'

By this time the weals on my bottom had developed into a rich red of criss-crossing marks. I looked over my shoulder at it, and, half teasingly, half seriously, began to rub it, saying in a whisper, 'Oh, Mr Ritchie, it did hurt, and now it's so sore.' I made him wait last a full three minutes, then he gave me a lovely cup of tea and rang for a taxi to return me to work. He was a sweet old man really.

Two days later I was staggered when the boss called me into his room and told me about the codicil he'd prepared on Mr Ritchie's instructions: I was to receive £5,000 on his death as a 'Brave wee lassie'. Mr McColl alluded to some provision for himself but gave no details. Then he began to outline a plan: 'We have several wealthy old clients, Sally. I think I know them and their predilections well. I suggest that you should visit them in turn — suitably prepared of course. Shall we say one each month? I'm sure we would both find it to our advantage.' Was I hearing correctly, or was this meant to be a joke? I thought rapidly of what a few inheritances of that kind would do for Andrew and me, smiled weakly and went back to my typing.

A few months later and our wedding day was upon us. Dear, sweet Andrew was a nervous bridegroom but our day was perfect. Mummy cried (of course), and Kirsty made an outrageous play for the best man. We had some lovely presents, (who said the Scots are mean?) but, surprisingly, none from my boss.

Finally we set off in Andrew's little red XR3 for our honeymoon in a remote idyll of a cottage in the Lake District. We'd booked this through an agency who laid on an initial supply of groceries and a cleaning lady. The latter had obviously not been left long when we arrived, as a cheerful fire burned in the grate and a splendid cold supper was laid out for us. It was all like a scene from 'The Railway Children!' Then I saw it: a parcel on the table addressed to Mr Andrew Reid bearing a label which said:-

*'Not too often,
Not too rare:
You'll be happily wed,
A contented pair!'*

We tore open the parcel and there lay the leather tawse that my poor bum had had laid on it so painfully. What a strange feeling I had as we looked at it together. Then Andrew picked it up, whoosed it through the air, and, looking sideways at me said lovingly, 'Not tonight, my darling, but soon,...soon.'



ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE



The idea was simple. But then, all the best ideas are. I had had a reasonable success rate in persuading young ladies to allow me to spank their bare bottoms — three in all. Now it was time to move on to greater things. Like the tawse, cane, and plim-soll. But how? And, more importantly, how could I persuade the subjects to allow me to record the events on film for posterity?

A news story in the 'Daily Mail' set my imagination in motion. It was about the activities of a teachers' organisation dedicated to the abolishment of corporal punishment in schools. An admirable cause which would suit my purposes, with a little ingenuity. I drafted a letter purporting to be from a regional secretary of the organisation, and carefully filed it away for use if required.

The essence of the letter was a request for help in sourcing 'documentary' photographs of corporal punishment being administered, using young ladies over 18 years of age who had expressed a willingness to subject themselves to an undoubtedly long-overdue thrashing in the interests of others. As I said, a simple idea. But not so simple to put into practice.

Sitting in my Bristol office late one Friday afternoon, I began to doodle a list of possible models for my photo-sessions. There was Alison; and perhaps Rowena; Amanda, ah yes, Amanda; and Emma, of course: a wonderfully statuesque figure; and what about Lisa?

Five names, which after careful thought were reduced to a shortlist of just three: Alison, a part-time model I had used for more straightforward work, who was a receptionist at a local hotel. Amanda, a svelte, very attractive little brunette who was a secretary for a legal firm in London. And petite blonde Lisa, a go-getter PA in the advertising industry working in Covent Garden, who was probably a bit of a long-shot.

I picked up the 'phone: 'Alison?'

'Yes, who's that?'

'David.' A silence. David Moore.'

'Oh, hi! Haven't heard from you for ages!'

We arranged to meet for a drink that evening. I gently brought the conversation round to modelling, and she admitted that she had been getting quite a bit of work lately, but not enough to justify going full-time — something she didn't appear keen on anyway.

'I got a really weird photo-job a couple of weeks ago: you won't believe it!' I began.

'What? What? Not a nudie?' Alison leaned forward on the stool, smiling wickedly.

'Well, sort of half-nudie, really.'

'Another topless job?' she asked.

'No, bottomless, actually!' Alison laughed: 'What the hell is that?'

'Well, I've got to do some shots of a girl in school uniform having her bare

bum whacked with a leather strap.'

'No! Very kinky!' she giggled. 'What's it for?'

'An organisation of teachers who are trying to get corporal punishment banned in schools.'

'No!'

'Really. Straight up: I'll show you the letter they sent me.' I produced the carefully typed letter I had composed, and Alison read through it disbelievingly. 'Bare bum? Surely they don't allow that?'

'Apparently they do in some schools. The idea is to shock people by doing documentary shots illustrating the worst examples.'

She took another long swig of her large Bacardi and Coke before answering: 'So who have you got in mind for this little number? Not me, I hope!' she laughed.

'No, another girl I know who's a dancer has agreed to do it. She needs the money.'

'How much are they paying?'

'Fifty quid. Not bad for ten minutes work!'

'And a sore bum!' Alison chimed in.

'Who's going to, you know, whack her, then?'

'Probably do it myself. Easier that way. And less embarrassing than dropping her knickers for a stranger.'

'Too true. You must tell me how it goes: and I want to see the results.'

Of course, the dancer didn't exist, and in a couple of days I rang Alison again at home to spill my tale of woe about my model going off to dance in Spain and my deadline for doing the photographs getting alarmingly close. The ploy appeared to be working, as Alison was concerned and seemed on the verge — or was it my imagination — of offering her own services. I decided to test the water.

'I don't suppose you could help out, could you Ali?' I pleaded.

'Otherwise I'm going to be in dead lumber and I'll let them down.'

'Well, I don't know, David. What happens if I'm recognised?'

Encouraging. She hadn't said no, just expressed concern over being recognised. No problem.

'Well, your face wouldn't be in any shots, it's only your bottom they need. And I don't think anyone could recognise you from that area of your anatomy. Or could they?' I joked.

'Oh Christ, I must be mad, but OK — just to help you out.'

'You're terrific, Alison. Thanks ever...'

'Yeah, yeah, all right. So when do you want to do it?'

'Saturday at eleven OK?'

'Fine. What do I have to wear?'

After deciding that she had a suitable shirt, skirt and shoes, she agreed to pop into British Home Stores to buy uniform knickers and socks.

'I suppose you've got the strap, have you?' she asked. I had.



The equipment was all set. A single hired motor-drive camera on a tripod, plus my trusty Praktica as backup. In glorious colour. Ten past eleven and I wondered if she'd forgotten. Twenty past, and I was ready to take the camera back and see if I could get my hire fee refunded.

Five minutes later, and a long ring on the bell.

'I'm *really* sorry, David, I got caught up in the town centre when I went to BHS for those bloody knickers.' She rushed in, slightly out of breath, and dumped her small bag on the hall table. 'Am I *awfully* late?'

'No problem!' I reassured her. Not now she was here, there wasn't.

Alison went upstairs to change, and came bouncing down — I mean the word literally, for she had omitted to wear a bra under her crisp white shirt — in double-quick time. Long fawn skirt, grey socks, white shirt, hair in an appealing bob cut.

'OK?' she asked.

'Terrific!' I confirmed.

Before we did the shots I was looking forward to, I asked her to lift her skirt and bend over a high stool, the study table, touch her toes — shooting a couple of frames of her in each position.

'This is bloody uncomfortable,' Alison commented from her upside down position over the stool.

'Don't whup me masta, don't whup me!' she added, her shoulders shaking with laughter.

'OK, take your skirt off this time and bend over the table, again, for the real thing,' I ordered.

'Uh-oh! this is the bit I'm not looking forward to. Not *too* hard, for Christ's sake. Will you take them down?' This as she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor, then bent gently forward until she rested her chest on the flat surface and reached out to grip either side of the table.

I fitted my fingers into the waistband of the cool white cotton pants and pulled them firmly down to expose the two half-moons of soft pale flesh as Alison squirmed slightly and giggled: 'Not *too* far.' The downward journey of her intimate garment stopped just below the crease between buttock and thigh.

'Lift up, can you?' Her body rose a fraction and the knickers slid unprotestingly from the front of her hips and down to mid-thigh, the complete bareness the most inviting target I had yet seen.

Setting the camera to automatic and continuous, I picked up the strap and laid it carefully across the centre of Alison's bare rump. 'How many?' came the question. It had never occurred to me to discuss how many strokes she would take. Six sounded a little fearsome.

'Four,' I ventured.

'OK, but let's get it over with!' she agreed.

We are indebted to Mr K.V.W for the photographs in this section, which do not pretend to portray the actual girls in the article, who no doubt would have been somewhat miffed to find their bottoms, and their gulibility, exposed to the public eye. K.V.W.'s letter appears in Feedback.





Raising the thick two-tailed tawse — made with my own hands from leather purchased at a saddlery — I brought it down in a wide arc as I pushed the remote control button to set off the camera shutter. The tawse connected briefly but very effectively with the proffered target. I was rewarded with a high-pitched yelp from the target's owner, but silence from the camera. It had failed. I crossed to it as Alison looked nervously behind her to see what was going on. The red 'Battery Low' indicator glowed sullenly.

'Bloody camera's fucked,' I said in irritation.

'Does that mean you can't do the shots?' asked Alison hopefully.

'No, I'll go ahead and take some manually afterwards.'

'Oh.' The slim body lowered itself over the table once again, the buttocks relaxing as she shuffled her feet slightly.

I spent a moment unnecessarily adjusting her shirt higher up her back and noticed how the mark left by the strap was already providing impressive weals.

Holding her by the hips, I pushed her fractionally to the left, the flesh warm to the touch, the cheeks quivering as she took a half-step over.

Picking up the tawse, I laid it again in a practice curve, and brought it down hard in three smarting lines of pain which had poor Alison jerking upright and feverishly rubbing her buttocks as soon as the last stroke had been delivered: 'Christ, that thing stings. It really bloody stings. How many of those do the kids get?'

'Oooh, about six or so,' I said vaguely, the effects of my home-made punishment strap becoming more visible by the second as Alison didn't bother to pull up her knickers after she stopped rubbing the afflicted area.

'You wouldn't be able to sit down for a week after that: and I bet they get it harder than you did.' I happily confirmed her theory whilst secretly admiring how well she'd taken four strokes delivered as hard as I had dared.

She willingly bent again as I took my 'documentary' shots of her well-strapped

rear end. The effect was quite startling.

Returning to my shortlist, I set up a drink with Lisa — my long-shot. I first saw her gazing anxiously round the wine bar looking for me. The corduroy slacks were tight on her petite frame, emphasising the delicious curve of those cheeks. I had gone over my strategy carefully, although I expected defeat. Two hours later, I stood at the entrance to the bar feeling decidedly smug as I watched Lisa's retreating hips sway softly from side to side, and fancied I could detect each cheek quivering in turn as she walked down the pavement. This was going to be fun.

She hadn't batted an eyelid when I told her about the 'unusual photo-session' I had been commissioned to do. Or been alarmed when I told her my saga of the disappearing dancer. Or hesitated when I suggested her bottom could stand in. Or argued when I informed her it meant getting six with a cane — bare! I couldn't believe my luck. Or my persuasive skills! My least likely candidate had come up trumps.

She arrived promptly at the flat I had borrowed from a friend in London, the noise of the taxi allowing me to get to the door before she rang the bell. She was unusually quiet, and went to change. Dark blue skirt, white shirt, white socks, dark blue knickers, black pumps. Her fair hair not tied back, the face sparing-

ly made up. As soon as she entered the room, her eyes fell on the gleaming length of malacca.

'Is that it?'

'Uh-huh.'

'Looks long. Is it incredibly swishy? Can I try?' She picked it up and bent it experimentally into a half-circle and swung it through the air creating a low whistle: 'Ouch!'

'Ready, then?' I asked. I showed her how I wanted her to bend over the back of the upright chair I had carefully positioned, the twin motor-drive cameras loaded, tested, and ready to go, their glass eyes appreciating the smooth tanned thighs as she hitched her skirt up to her waist and held it there. Without being asked, she bent forward and placed both hands on the seat.

'This is going to hurt, isn't it?' she asked nervously.

'Afraid there's not a lot I can do about that if it's going to be realistic, Lisa...sorry. I'm going to give you two doses of three if that's OK, with a break in between so I can move the cameras.'

'Right.'

'Take them down, would you?'

'How far?' came the question as that delicious sight came into view for the first time. 'I don't want them to see anything.'

'Just so's your bottom's bare.'

And was it bare! Two creamy mounds,

unprotected, bent ready for the bite of that slender piece of wood. There was a rattle as I picked up the cane, and I noticed how her bottom tensed at the sound. Strangely, it relaxed as I measured my swing, trying at the same time to sort out the two remote control cables which ended in my left hand.

'Ready?' I asked.

'OK' came the muted response.

The clatter of twin motor drives and two camera shutters almost drowned the high-pitched victorious 'Whooooopp' of the cane's journey to Lisa's buttocks, which appeared to explode on impact as the first three strokes drove home — rather too low, I worried.

Lisa danced on the spot, clutching her wounded extremity: 'Isn't three enough? It's got to be, surely?'

'Sorry, no. I'll change the cameras over. You just relax.'

One colour transparency film, one monochrome negative, with different lenses, provided me with the documentary record I was after. It was only when Lisa bent again over the chair and I pulled her knickers down that I realised how low the cane had bitten, the flexibility allowing it to drift down across her right thigh where the deep weal showed clearly. Her bottom was marking well, the ridges of the cane's visit all too clear.

'Ready?'

'Mmmmmmm'





The whirr of motors and clatter of shutters continued as I sliced a further three times higher across the bareness, concentrating on preventing the cane from once again deciding its own trajectory.

Lisa shot to her feet gripping her bottom fiercely in an effort to ease the undoubted discomfort, for I had not held back. Emitting loud grunts and an extended series of 'Aaahhs' and 'Oooohhs', she hopped from one foot to another. The evidence was there when she bent again for the 'After' shots, with two strokes of the six overlapping to provide a new height of burning pain. The weals were rising already, the redness taking a slight purple tinge at the right end of each stripe.

'I hope I can sit down for work this afternoon. Christ, that was hard, you sod.'

'Sorry, but I had to have the marks, and there's only one way to create those,' I smiled.

'Oh well, I suppose it's all in a good cause.'

'No other reason to do it, really,' I agreed, allowing myself a small smile.

Lisa wasn't interested in seeing the results of her endeavours, and we hardly mentioned it when next I was in town. The contacts and transparencies were in my case, but they stayed there as I tentatively broached a second photo-session: a girl in sports kit being soundly spanked with a plimsoll.

'Can't you find someone else to do it?' she asked reluctantly.

'I've tried. There's one other person I could ask, but it's so *embarrassing*...know what I mean?'

'You were embarrassed! I was on the receiving end, thank you!'

'OK, I'll ask this other girl, but if she can't would you help me out again?'

'Oh all right, David, but try to persuade her will you? I've only just got over the last one. The bruises lasted for ages!'

I didn't mention the subject again that evening, but rang ten days later to announce (what a surprise!) that I had drawn a blank and could she do a session next week. There was a lot of sighing, but eventually she agreed.

As Lisa stood in a short white pleated tennis skirt, white sports shirt, plimsolls

and white ankle socks, her tanned legs rose invitingly towards the area of my attention. I couldn't believe that for a second time I was going to administer a sound thrashing to this attractive twenty-four-year-old: what would her boss say if he knew? Probably want copies of the shots, the filthy swine!

I had only one motor drive camera on a tripod, and my usual backup. The job wouldn't take long. The sun slanted steeply into the room, and I had to move Lisa twice before I was satisfied with the natural light, augmented by a small TV floodlight.

I wanted her bending over unsupported for the slipping, and she stood patiently while I fiddled with the equipment, until given the instruction to lift her skirt, pull her knickers down, and bend over. I still found it difficult to come to grips with the fact that here I was ordering an attractive young lady to touch her toes so I could spank her bare bottom hard enough to make her cry — and all for just fifty pounds. What people will do for money!

The tan of her legs and back gave way to the familiar creamy smoothness of her bum as I pushed the skirt higher up her back. The usual question.

'Yes,' a small voice near the floor confirmed. The shutter clattered, the motor whirled, and the large plimsoll travelled swiftly down to connect with a surprisingly loud 'Spillaatt!' on her exposed right buttock. Her body swayed to the right from the impact, as the second smack landed with equal force on her left buttock, exploding the flesh on that side until it quivered and recovered — all in an instant.

The third blow — to her right buttock again — caused her to jerk forward with its force, and she yelped as she clutched at her knickers in an involuntary move to pull them up and protect her assaulted hindquarters from further abuse. She ran to the corner of the room, complaining bitterly about how much it stung.

It was some minutes before I could persuade her to adopt the now familiar position, and she bent reluctantly as I slid the knickers down her bottom once again and splatted the unyielding slipper against her soft yielding cheeks a further three times. The tears in her eyes were genuine as she rubbed feverishly:

'That plimsoll stings like bloody hell,' came the heartfelt exclamation, accorded credence by the reddened flesh of her posterior and the welts caused by the edge of the plimsoll. A much under-rated punishment implement, I have always thought.

Lisa posed for a number of shots holding the slipper: knickers up, knickers down. And the cane, and the tawse and — finally, all three together. It had been a tiring afternoon. But a very successful one. And of course, it was all in a good cause, I reminded her as I handed over a thin envelope...

'Do you wear anything in bed?' Mr Vincent asked. 'Nightdress, pyjamas? Or in the altogether as they say perhaps?'

The pretty cheeks pinkened slightly. Jane had been here perhaps 15 minutes. In Mr Vincent's house. Perched now a little nervously on his settee in the drawing room. Nyloned knees tight together showing shimmeringly beneath the shortish pink dress. Jane's white high-heeled courts also neatly together. Her mother had advised wearing them, they looked very smart, though they were not in fact



the most practical footwear for a train journey carrying a largish suitcase. Jane had got help though, a gentleman lifting the case up on the rack for her when she got on and another obligingly offering a similar service at her destination, Wastling, the nearest station to here. The latter gentleman had been in the carriage for a while, sitting opposite and offering small talk and gazing admiringly at her knees. Was she going on holiday?

It wasn't exactly a holiday of course. 'What Jane needs at her age is to be taken in hand by an older man,' Jane's mother's friend, Angela Mirton had said. 'It's what any girl of that age needs. They frequently just don't know what they want and an older man can soon sort all that out.' Angela Mirton had smiled at Jane in that knowing, older-woman fashion. Jane had blushed. She blushed rather easily. She had imagined when she was younger, at school, that when she was grown up she would be very assured and confident and wouldn't do it. But she still did. She had blushed rather badly a couple of times on the train with that man who kept staring at her knees. Things he had said and also of course wondering if he could possibly see anything beyond her knees. That way he kept looking.

Jane's mother hadn't seemed to need a lot of persuading, especially as Mrs Mirton said she knew 'just the man'. Mr Vincent.

'Uh...nightdress,' Jane said, aware that she was flushing. She wasn't at all sure what this visit to Mr Vincent was going to involve. Not really. Her mother had been vague — but then perhaps she wasn't too sure herself. Taken in hand? Angela Mirton was a rather more worldly woman herself, or seemed to be, and also from a more upper-class background. She

COMPANY POLICY



herself had been to a finishing school at eighteen. Where perhaps there were gentlemen who 'took you in hand?' But why did Mr Vincent want to know...?

'Nightdress eh.' Sitting across from Jane he smiled that charming smile. He was perhaps fifty, and you could say handsome in an older-man sort of way. 'Good. Well what I'd like you to do is go up to your room and put it on.'

She couldn't really believe Mr Vincent had said that but he repeated it. In more forceful tones. Not a raised voice but one that an eighteen year old girl who blushed easily was not going to argue with. Getting to her feet, pretty knees kept primly together. A nervous smile at Mr Vincent who was still seated. Turning. Presenting the backs of her knees, and her bottom, to the seated gentleman. Her vulnerable bottom. Feeling his eyes on her hindquarters which unavoidably had a certain side-to-side swaying motion as she walked to the door. A sudden thought flashing through her head: what a girl she knew, thought not that well, had said when somehow the matter of Mr Vincent had been mentioned. But Priscilla had obviously only been teasing. Hadn't she?

Forcing the nasty thought out of her mind. It was quite ridiculous. But...why did she have to get her nightdress on now? At four o'clock in the afternoon. Her friend Susan of course had said something else. Jokingly. What Mr Vincent would do to her. Tight-lipped and flushing Jane had given Susan a sharp punch on the arm but Susan, in spite of the punch, had gone on teasing. 'Why, wouldn't you like it, Jane? A nice experienced older man!'



In the pretty little room where that short while ago Mr Vincent had put her case but there had not yet been time to unpack it. Opening it now. Her nightdress as it happened was right at the top. White with blue flowers. He *had* said that? She hadn't imagined it? No, Mr Vincent had said it all right. Chewing her lip she began. Unzipping her dress. Maybe he thought she needed a rest after the train journey. Yes that must be it. Well, what else — apart from those awful, unthinkable things. Her slip. Nylons and suspender belt. Bra and knickers. Jane's





ripe shape bare in the little room. Full breasts firmly raised as she lifted the nightdress over her head. The flimsy garment sliding down: the full breasts, slim waist, the twin moons of her bottom. Should she get into bed? A glance in the mirror: her face was flushed again. Jane smoothed russet curls. She was here for two weeks with Mr Vincent. There had apparently been no trouble at all when her mother rang him. Yes, he would be delighted to have her stay. So Jane's mother had said.

'Don't be silly, it'll be a lovely little break,' Jane had been assured when she demurred. What else had that Mrs Minton said to her mother? About Mr Vincent?



Jane turned, looking at the bed, conscious of her bare body under the thin cotton. As the door opened. She hadn't locked it: there wasn't a lock for one thing and anyway, should you lock your door, a guest in a gentleman's house? It was Mr Vincent. He was different. He had changed. Or at any rate now had on a dressing gown.

'Come downstairs, if you're ready.'

Jane preceeded him down the stairs, then she was told to wait in a room at the back of the house. Mr Vincent went away, and she heard him make a telephone call, then through an adjoining door she saw him sit in an armchair and pick up a book. After a while, feeling silly and not a little bewildered at being left standing about in her nightie in the middle of the afternoon, she plucked up courage to go across to the doorway and say 'Er—'

'I'm just waiting for your — I'm waiting for a 'phone call, then I'll deal with you, Jane.' He smiled. 'Meanwhile, you can pull your nightie up ready —'

Ready? For what? But he made her do it, pull her fresh cotton nightdress up and up till she was all bare thighs and bare bottom and — well, that too. Then she was sent back into the other room, to wait, blushing furiously and trembling all over.

The telephone shrilled in the hall. When Mr Vincent returned he said,







'Well, that's that confirmed.' He had a cane in his hand.

Closing the door behind him. Smiling that charming smile. 'It's always a good idea to have a little session right away, Jane. It gets a girl in the right state of mind.'

No! He couldn't *cane* her.

'Over the chair, Jane. A quick little session.'

'No!' The word gasped out. 'No! Why...?'

'Discipline, my dear. A key need for a girl of your age. We have to see that you can accept it.'

'No! Wha...what for?'

'For one thing, young lady, a girl has to learn not to question what she is told. Obedience, Jane. Clearly you are in need of a lesson. So shall we try again? Bend over the chair. You are going to get the cane. Across your bare bottom.'

Priscilla had only been teasing but *it was happening*. The solid reality as Mr Vincent stung his cane across Jane's bare leg to spur her into action. A feminine shriek reverberating in the little room. A sound it had heard before? Jane with seemingly no choice doing what she was told. However unbelievable it might be. Getting down over the chair. Head pressed firmly down by Mr Vincent. A man as it happened well versed in dealing with young women of a certain age. A man who had developed a very definite philosophy where they were concerned. Which was: treat them very firmly at the outset. Give them a taste of the cane at the very beginning. That way they almost always came to heel, docile and submissive. He pressed down on the pretty, russet head and then in one smooth movement had the nightdress up, over her head and shoulders.

Soft pale flesh. Flinching in the abrupt and shocking exposure. Jane with the nightdress about her lowered face *knew* she had been bared. Squirming. Her bottom-moons clenching. The thought that Mr Vincent could *see*. And the thought also of what Priscilla had said, of what Mr Vincent had in his hand. Of what he was undoubtedly going to...

THWACKKK!...

The cane biting agonisingly across those so tender cheeks. A crescendo of unthinkable pain billowing through her. Jane's mouth wide, breath splurting out in an ear-splitting yell. Hips bucking wildly. If you have never been caned before that pain can make you think you are going out of your mind. Onto the clenching and writhing buttocks the cane stroked sharply down once more. A nicely judged cut in view of Jane's wild writhings, catching her on the ripe under-curve. Two inches below that first pair of reddening tram-lines. Making the little room reverberate once more to a desperate female shriek.

Six of them altogether. Four more like those first two. All keen breath-stopping cuts. Mr Vincent who prided himself on





his skill with a girl liked to produce six quite separate stripes, no criss-crossing, but this was not easy with a first-time girl, one who could not keep her target still. One of his shots (the fifth was it?) had landed in the middle of a particularly sharp convulsive movement and struck across one of the previous ones. That was the only one though, and one out of six was not bad. Not with a first-timer.

'There. How does that feel?'

No answer. Jane was not in a state for answers. She was having enough trouble gasping breath in and out. Standing now. Sobbing and gasping. Mr Vincent just standing and looking while Jane fumbled with her nightie, which was still over her head. For no apparent reason her hand suddenly pulled behind her back and the cane swished across her bottom again. She squealed; Mr Vincent said, 'Upstairs, Jane.'

In the bedroom, Mr Vincent, sitting on the bed, lifted her nightdress, for another look at his handiwork. Jane's bottom positively *glowing*. His hand gently stroking the shaking girl. And talking softly to her. As one might talk to a young filly that had had its first taste of the bridle. Soft and soothing words. Because whether it is a young filly or a young girl who needs 'taking in hand' the first stage, the first taste of the cane or the bridle, is followed by the second stage. The sooner the better some would say. Mr Vincent included. When the mind is so bedazzled, shocked, by the first stage that its automatic reflexes are not operating. She is in the state when she will numbly do, accept, allow.

'Now a little rest, Jane.' Mr Vincent standing. Drawing back the cover of the bed. 'That is what a girl needs now.'

Yes. Numbly she was allowing herself to be helped in between the sheets. Cool crisp linen against her glowing body as her crumpled nightdress slid back. And Mr Vincent? She could see what he was doing. Undoing the belt of that dressing gown. Opening it. Jane could see it but somehow after that awful caning it seemed like in another world. Seeing what else Mr Vincent was doing. His trousers. He was getting in. In the bed with her. It was what Susan had said. Or going to be. 'Wouldn't you like it, Jane. A nice experienced older man?' She had punched Susan's arm but Susan had kept on. Teasing. Mr Vincent anyway wasn't nice. He had caned her dreadfully. Those sobs still kept coming now and then. Her poor bottom. He was whispering things. As he took hold of her.

'Just relax, Janey. I know just what a girl needs now.' She looked up. She was lying on her back. Mr Vincent's hand down there. Indicating that she must part her legs. Jane's legs opened. She could refuse nothing. His hand. Her breath hissing out. It was going to happen. Her body all glowing from his cane. It was going to happen. Mr Vincent. Would she tell Susan it happened?

A TOP MODEL



Modelling.' Mrs Birdley pronounced the word as if its meaning might be foreign to her. 'Modelling!'

'Mrs Hodges, who lived two streets away from Mavis Birdley but patronised this same corner shop, assumed a smug expression and nodded her head. Mrs Birdley did not look too pleased, and indeed the concept was not at all to her liking. Arlene Hodges! She shook her head and then seized at a straw. 'What sort of modelling?'

'What sort...' echoed Arlene's mother. 'Well the real sort and no messing about. Oh yes, she's a regular model, is my Arlene.' As a clincher she added 'London based.'

Mavis Birdley shook her head again, though of course it was difficult to argue with London. 'I should have thought with her shape — your Arlene — well, she's not skin and bones, is she? And them models...'

'My Arlene's got a marvellous figure, as you know. Stunning. That was what the bloke said, that judge, when she was the Miss Jilkes DIY Hardware. Oh yes.' And indeed this was true, Arlene Hodges did have a very shapely shape, and was also a very pretty girl. But as Mrs Birdley was implying it really wasn't what you thought of as a model's figure. Too...well, curvy.

'An' I can tell you,' said Brenda Hodges as a final rejoinder as she prepared to leave the shop, 'she's making a bit of money, is that girl.'

That certainly completed Mavis Birdley's unhappiness. Making pots of money! Brenda Hodges's Arlene. It made you want to spit.

When Brenda Hodges got home with her shopping the young lady in question was lolling in front of the fire reading *The Sun*: well, you didn't need to be an intellectual to be a model. In fact Arlene had been studying the Page Three Girl and wondering how much she got for grinning and brandishing her tits before a few million readers. She turned the page as her mother came in. Brenda Hodges did not approve of Page Three Girls. 'Disgusting!' She was now full of her encounter with Mrs Birdley.



'You should have seen her face. *Green*. When I told her how well you were getting on. What I'd like of course is some photos. That'd make her open her eyes.'

Arlene said, 'Yes Mum.' Her mother had asked for photos before; it was only natural of course. But photos were not possible. Definitely not. Not with the chapel and all; not when her mother thought even a Page Three Girl was awful ('Showing all she's got like that!'). No, photos were definitely out.

'I'll see, Mum,' she said. 'But like I told you, it's not at all easy. They're afraid of things being copied. Exclusive designs and that.'

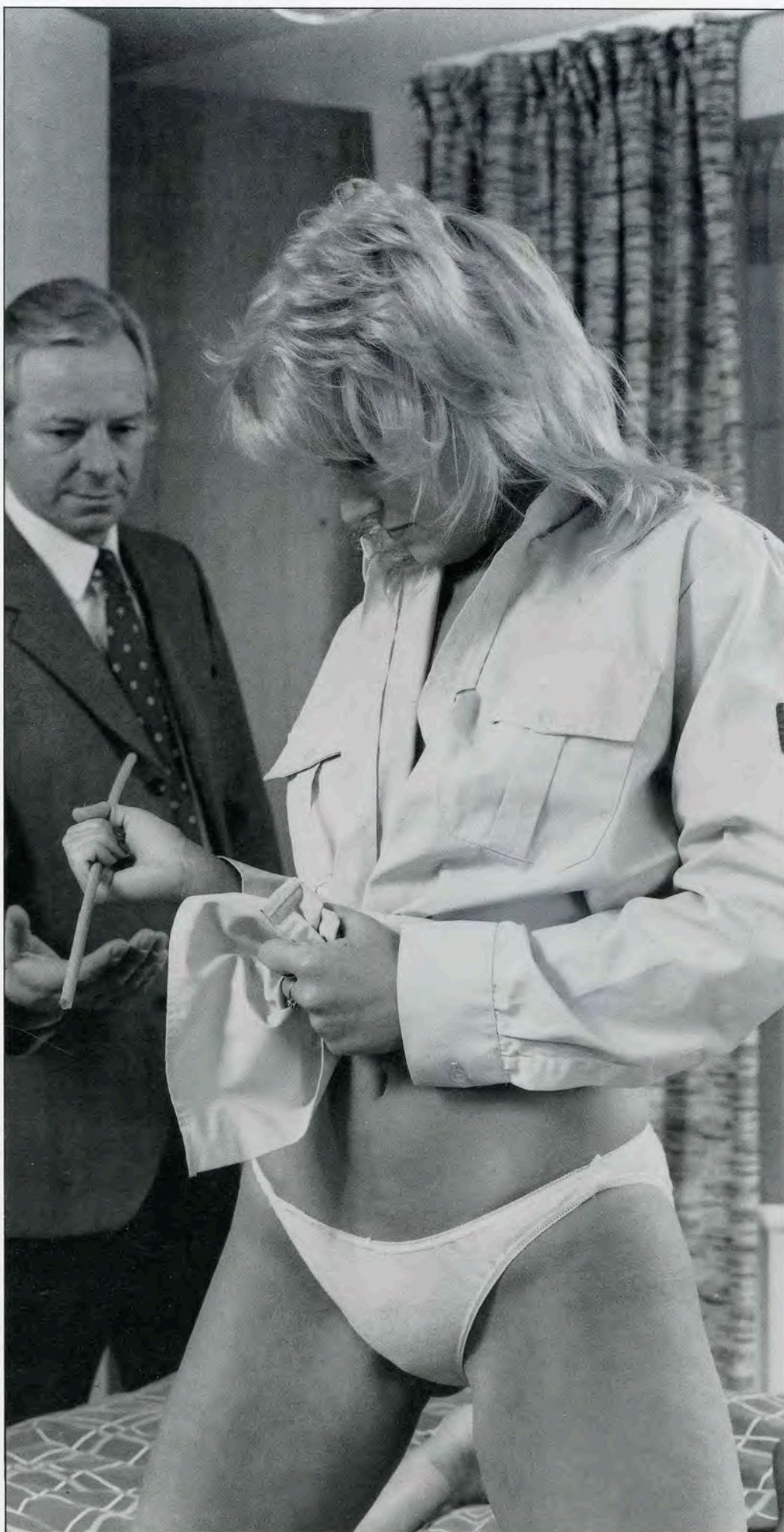
That more or less satisfied Brenda Hodges. She could appreciate that. Arlene went on to say she had another appointment in London tomorrow. She had just had her agent on the phone.

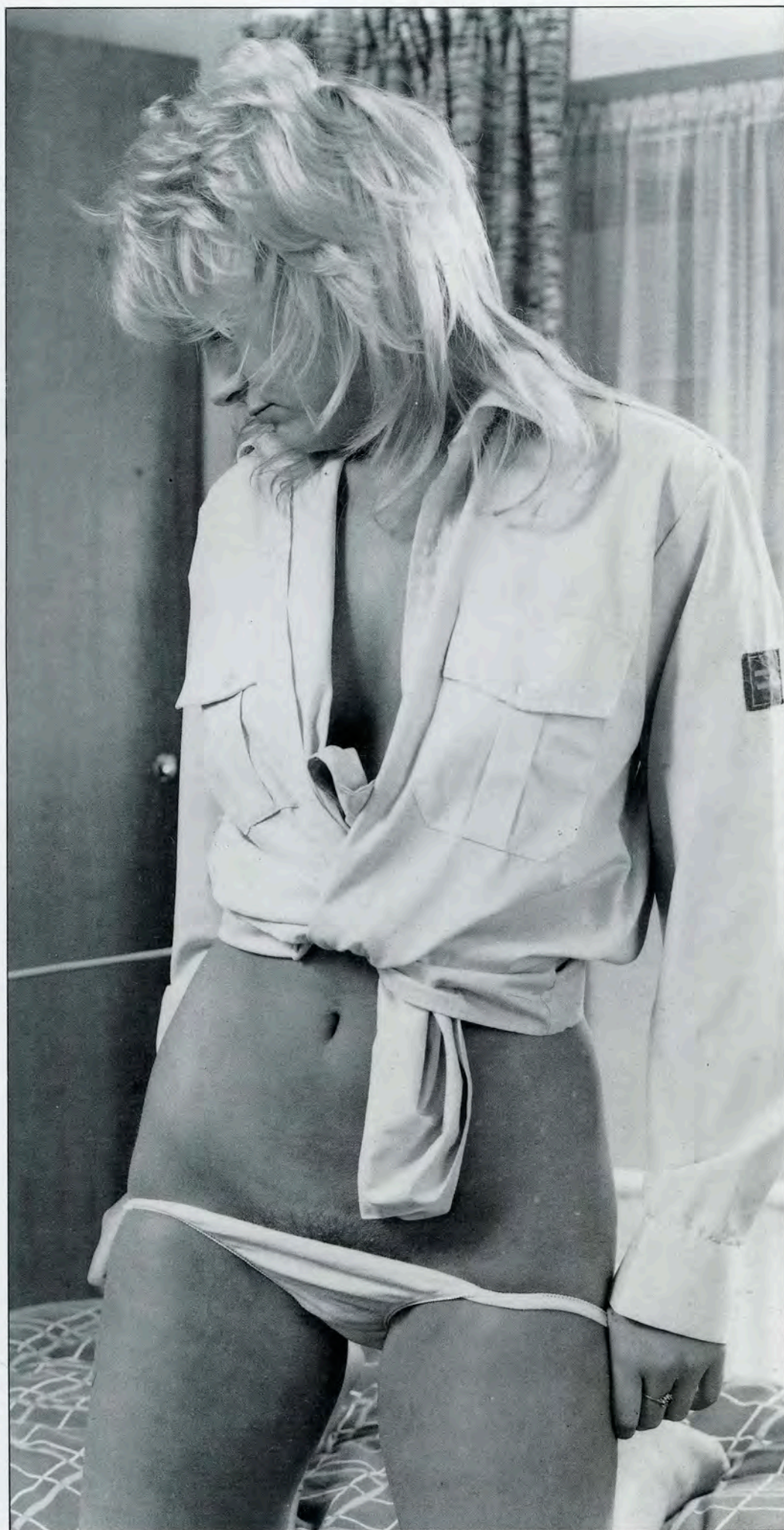
'A couple of appointments,' he had said. 'And maybe I'll have one or two more when you get here. Be in the office by eleven, OK? One of 'ems a railway nut.'

A railway nut? 'You know,' Mr Perbring had said, 'nuts about railways.' Yes, but what exactly...? 'Uniforms. He's got a guard's uniform or something.' Mr Perbring's harsh laugh had come over the phone. 'You know, dear; Oh Mr Porter what can I do. The nasty guard's taken my knickers down and smacked my bottom and then sent me off to Crewe.'

Naturally none of this could be relayed to Arlene's mum. Certainly not. Not to a mother who found Page Three Girls disgusting and degrading and who was also a stalwart of the local chapel. It sent shivers down Arlene's spine at times when she thought about it. Not just her mother but everyone else. That Mr Midgeley at the chapel with his sharp, beady eyes and all that lot there. That Mrs Birdley. Everyone.

If they ever found out! Arlene really regretted now having mentioned modelling to her mother. She hadn't been thinking. She had just said it: 'modelling,' which of course it was, sort of. And it had sort of built up, with her mum going round telling everyone. She could have thought of





something else, something more ordinary, that her mother wouldn't have got so excited about. Although it wasn't easy to think what other job would take you off on the long train journey to London.

Being on the game would — but that would hardly be acceptable. And anyway Arlene wasn't on the game, she told herself. It was artistic modelling. Posing the body beautiful, for selected gentlemen of taste.

That was what Mr Perbring said. Though he sometimes gave that nasty laugh of his afterwards. Arlene liked to think they were gentlemen, with an artistic appreciation of the female body. Some of them certainly had gentleman's accents, though not all. And some of them didn't always want to do gentlemanly things. Well, no one's job was perfect. But there was no doubt that you had to have a beautiful face and body for it. Which Arlene certainly had. And if you had these why not use them for artistic purposes? It was just unfortunate that her mum and a lot of other people round here were so narrow-minded.

'That early train I suppose,' Arlene's mum said, and Arlene said, 'Yes — but you don't have to get up, Mum.' But she knew her mother would, and make her a cup of tea. No breakfast. Arlene couldn't stomach breakfast at that time of the morning. Maybe a bite a bit later on the train. Although you frequently got men trying to chat you up in the buffet, businessmen types. Even attempting to touch you up. A girl didn't want to get involved in that sort of thing; not a girl who was in demand by top class, discerning gentlemen: Arlene Starr.

Mr Perbring had thought of that; and you had to agree it had a nice sound to it, not like Arlene Hodges which sounded a bit countrified. Arlene had several times wanted to tell her mother, but discretion had so far prevailed. She wasn't sure if that other type of model used artistic names.

The train wasn't too bad — it *could* be half an hour late — and the businessmen-types in the buffet were not too obnoxious — no overly-friendly hands on her bottom at least. The tube and then a little walk to Mr Perbring's place. Arlene

sometimes took a taxi, if the train was late, but didn't really like wasting the money. And the short walk was good after sitting on her bottom all morning. Probably good for the figure. She was right on time: eleven o'clock.

'Right on time,' Mr Perbring said, getting up from his desk to greet her. Mr Perbring was all right though at times he could be rather obnoxious too. Obnoxious in the grabby sense. But he was Arlene's agent which meant you more or less had to put up with it. Unfortunately he seemed to be in a rather obnoxious mood today. 'Please...' she pleaded. If he had been a proper gentleman he no doubt would have stopped. Stopped trying to get his hand up her skirt, that is. But if he had been a gentleman he presumably wouldn't have started trying anyway — although on the other hand some of those gentlemen with proper la-di-da accents did exactly the same thing. Anyway Mr Perbring wasn't stopping. He clearly was in one of those moods.

'Look,' she pleaded. 'I've got this appointment, haven't I?' Well at least the client would be paying. Mr Perbring wasn't paying. — Arlene had to pay him, a percentage of her fees. Mr Perbring gave that nasty laugh.

'It's OK. You haven't got a slot until twelve.'

Arlene stopped struggling and looked at him. Mr Perbring had said eleven on the phone. He was grinning, and she realised. He had deliberately got her here early. So that...Arlene gave a yelp; Mr Perbring had taken advantage of the pause to get his hand right up her skirt.

'Come on. So we've got a little while before the first one. We'll have a bit of fun, eh?'

Arlene didn't want fun with Mr Perbring, it was the last thing she wanted. What she did with the clients was strictly business and Mr Perbring was her agent. Arlene Starr, top model, did not want her agent doing those things. But Arlene Starr's agent was insisting. And he could be very persuasive. He knew that she was keeping her activities very hush-hush. So she had no real choice, except to do what he wanted. Which was first of all take her knickers off and then get over





Mr Perbring's lap. And be nice and submissive as he pulled up her skirt and then began sharply spanking Arlene's bare bottom.

He spanked it really hard, so that in addition to being unpleasant and humiliating it *really hurt*. Really bloody hurt.

Spanking her bottom was of course one of the things Arlene allowed the customers to do. If they wanted it. It could be included as one of the extras in the modelling fee. She wasn't getting paid to have her bottom spanked, she was getting paid for modelling — which might incidentally include having her bottom spanked. There was a difference — to Arlene's way of thinking anyway. She didn't enjoy spanking and things like that but Mr Perbring said she had to let the customers do them if they wanted and so she did. And of course it did mean a bigger fee. But Mr Perbring...it was really awful of him to insist on doing it himself.

After Mr Perbring had finished spanking he wanted something else. He said there was plenty of time for it, there was still half an hour before the first client arrived. It was of course worse than a spanking, quite a lot worse. Arlene didn't want to, *really didn't*. But...Mr Perbring insisted. And so she had to. In one of the bedrooms that were used for clients.

That was really an awful start. How could Mr Perbring be so awful. First the spanking and then that, making her screw him. In the bathroom straightening herself up Arlene

tried to put it out of her mind. Anyway she had read somewhere that proper models — the sort her mother thought she was — sometimes had to screw their agents.

With all this there wasn't much time before the first client. It was the railway man, the railway nut as Mr Perbring had called him. Mr Glovett. He looked all right, normal, and with quite a gentlemanly accent — though that was no guarantee, as Arlene knew, of what he would want. He did have a railway uniform and he put it on, in one of the other rooms.

Mr Glovett wanted Arlene to be a college girl. Who had got on the train without buying a ticket. Mr Glovett was the guard and he had caught her. Mr Glovett said he had to make an example of her, this sort of thing was costing the railway thousands of pounds. So he was going to do something she would remember. He was going to take all her clothes off and then he was going to cane her.

Oh Christ. The cane was worse than a spanking. The cane could *really hurt*. But Arlene had agreed to take the cane, or rather Mr Perbring told them she would take it. They weren't supposed to do it very hard, but sometimes...

The college girl was taken to the guard's house and into the bedroom — which was the bedroom where not much earlier Mr Perbring had screwed Arlene. The college girl had to plead and beg with the





guard, but of course she was going to get it anyway. For this aspect of modelling you had to be something of an actress as well. Though when it was the cane, pleading that you didn't want it was not too difficult.

Taking all her clothes off, with Mr Glovett intently watching. Blouse and skirt and then one by one the other things. You wore suspender belt and stockings in this line, not tights. Almost all the clients wanted that, unless of course you had to wear a special outfit. Mr Glovett decided in fact that the college girl would keep her suspender belt and nylons on for the cane. That and her high heels but otherwise nude. He made her bend over the side of the bed for it. Arlene told him he couldn't do it hard but it still bloody hurt. It always did. Then there were some more with Arlene standing bent over and touching her toes.

After that Mr Glovett had some more variations he wanted to do. He went out and changed back into his suit and now Arlene had to put the guard's shirt on. She was still being the college girl and this was what the guard made her do. First wear the guard's shirt with the suspender belt and stockings. Then the shirt with just her knickers. Then the knickers had to come down. The college girl was also getting caned some more in all this.

And that was about it. Not really too bad except that, as usual, the cane bloody stung. But certainly not as bad as Mr Perbring had been earlier. Mr Glovett in fact was very pleased with her. He said Arlene had a lovely body and he made an appointment for another visit. There were two more clients in the afternoon. Nothing outlandish or weird, nothing even like Mr Glovett's railway guard. All they wanted was straightforward modelling — or stripping if you wanted to put it like that and of course Arlene didn't. Taking her clothes off in the little bedroom. And photographing the action.

Mr Perbring had persuaded Arlene that photographs were OK. She had not been at all keen at first, naturally imagining that her mother and all the people back home might somehow get to see the photos. Mr Perbring told her that was silly, there was no

chance, and he also insisted because photographs were a very lucrative aspect of modelling. So Arlene had agreed, though sometimes she felt a nasty shiver as the camera clicked and she thought of it being recorded on the negative. An indelible record. Especially of course in some of the poses she was required to assume. The ones Mr Perbring called 'pussy shots' for instance.

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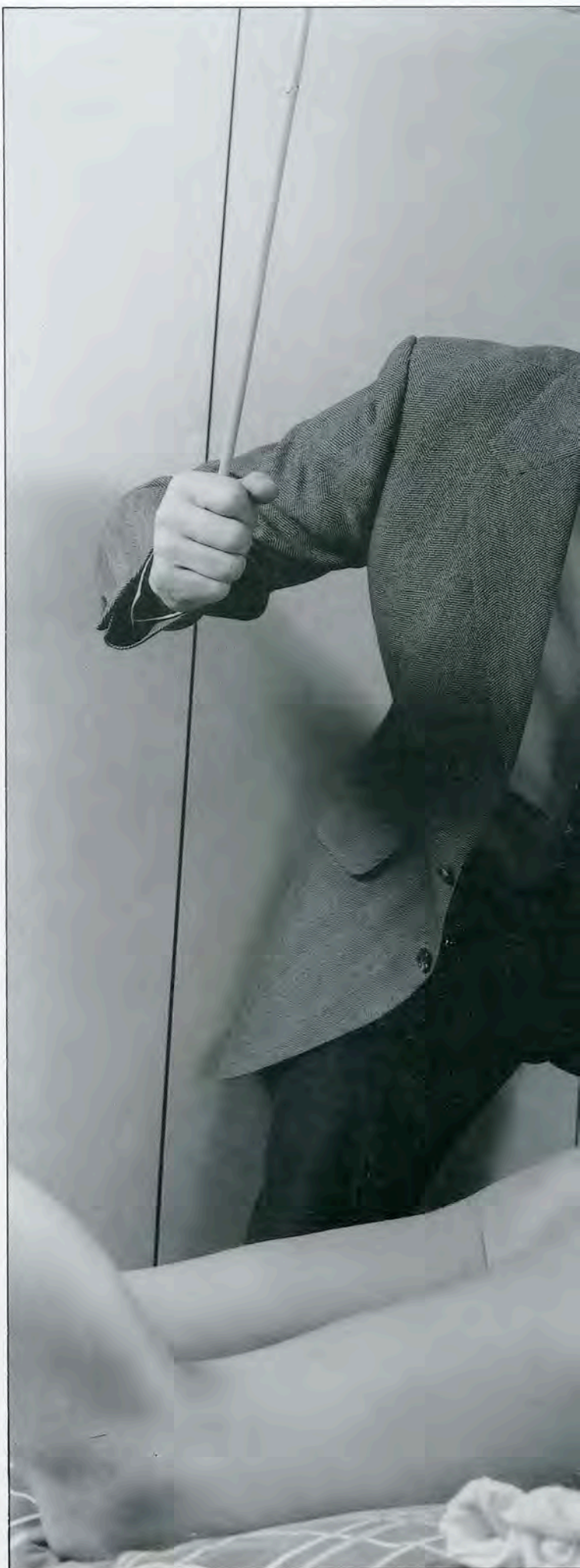
When Arlene's mother did find out it was really Arlene's own fault and she couldn't blame anyone else but herself. Carelessness — or just stupidity. She had put the photos in her drawer and nosey mothers will always poke around in drawers and places. Mr Perbring had given Arlene the photos. 'Take a look at these.' That rather unpleasant little laugh. Arlene had looked, then quickly leafed through, biting her lip. 'Take them,' Mr Perbring said. 'It's a spare set.'

She had taken them but what was she going to do with them? She didn't think of that of course. And the only place she could think to put them was her drawer. Temporarily; Arlene hadn't intended to leave them there. But it was long enough.

They were really awful: certainly not the sort of photographs you'd want to show your mother, even a broad-minded mother. Arlene was wearing a black German SS officer's jacket. Plus black suspender belt and nylons and shiny black high-heeled shoes. That was all. And some of the poses...well, they were the 'pussy shots'. Arlene lying on her back with her legs spread wide, or sitting with her leg up on the arm of the chair. That sort of thing.

Poor Mrs Hodges. She couldn't believe her eyes. Not at first. But as she looked through the set of photos — unable to avoid the compulsion of examining each and every image — she clearly had to. The pictures — the filthy pictures — swam before her eyes. Arlene, her own daughter. The top model. Brenda Hodges sat heavily down. She was going to have a heart attack. She knew she was.

She didn't, not quite. But when Arlene got home...





A MOLE UNCOVERED



Dear Sirs,
I noticed recently, in one of your magazines, a photograph which jogged my memory. The photograph was of a young girl with her knickers taken down, ready for the infliction of corporal punishment. What I noticed about the photo was a small mole low down on the girl's bum-cheek — that and the delightful and beautifully spankable proportions of the bottom itself, was enough to convince me that that was a bottom that I — and no doubt a large number of readers of spanking magazines,

through photographs — knew well. In fact, for myself, I can claim to know it intimately; shall I explain?

The girl — and her bottom — appeared on various occasions in the old, original 'Roue' magazine. Lots of your readers will have seen the issues I am talking about. What they — and you yourself — will not know, is that I was the person who took quite a few of those photographs, the early ones in particular! It was I, who first persuaded Sally — the girl with the little mole — to take her knickers

down for the camera — mine — and for the delectation of the readers of the old 'Roue'. All the photographs of Sally I contributed to that publication over a period of twelve months or so, were taken purely out of genuine fascination with the subject of girls' smacked bottoms; Sally was the perfect (in my opinion) model. I didn't ever, nor did I want to, receive any payment for those contributions. Later on, and I have to admit that it was a mistake, I allowed myself to be persuaded to introduce Sally to the magazine's editorial staff, and I lost my exclusive access to her. She appeared quite often thereafter, and I have even seen her in one of the first ever spanking videos — about six years ago or so. I believe she may eventually have been employed by the magazine in some capacity, though probably no longer, since she hasn't appeared in print for four or five years now.

I don't know how your publication came by the photograph that jogged my memory, but you may be interested to know that I still have all the negatives of all the photos I ever took of Sally, (examples enclosed), and you might possibly think it a worth while exercise to republish some of my collection.

Sally herself I got to know quite well, before I lost her; she was a student nurse when I met her, at Guy's Hospital in London, and nearing the end of her training. Student nurses, in those days, didn't have much money, and through a combination of my charm — as I like to think — and the promise of a 'modelling fee', it was fairly easy to persuade Sally out of her knickers. Not that she was in any way 'easy' — in fact she was rather prim and proper; you will appreciate, I'm sure, that her primness made it all the more interesting. She had a sense of humour, though, and thus somehow contrived to reconcile her 'properness' with the blatant impropriety of taking her pants down for a photographer.

I do not seek a fee for my photographs, should you wish to make use of them; my satisfaction would lie in the pleasure of seeing Sally and her lovely, smackable bottom — quite the best ever published, in my opinion — appearing again for the enjoyment of those of us who most appreciate a truly spankable bum.

K.V.W., London

The end was big and red
She thought it was his nose
But he said 'I call it Topsy
And it grows and grows and
grows'



'That new girl,' Mr Winslade said. 'The big one. Brunette. What's her name?'

Celia Hughton, typing pool supervisor, smiled her neat smile at Mr Winslade. Susan. He meant Susan. She had only been with them a week but already there had been several enquiries about her. Requests for her services. And it wasn't of course that she was such an outstanding typist. Because she wasn't.

'Susan Milbury, Mr Winslade. You mean Susan Milbury. She joined us a week ago. She *is* quite tall and, well, I suppose you could say big.'

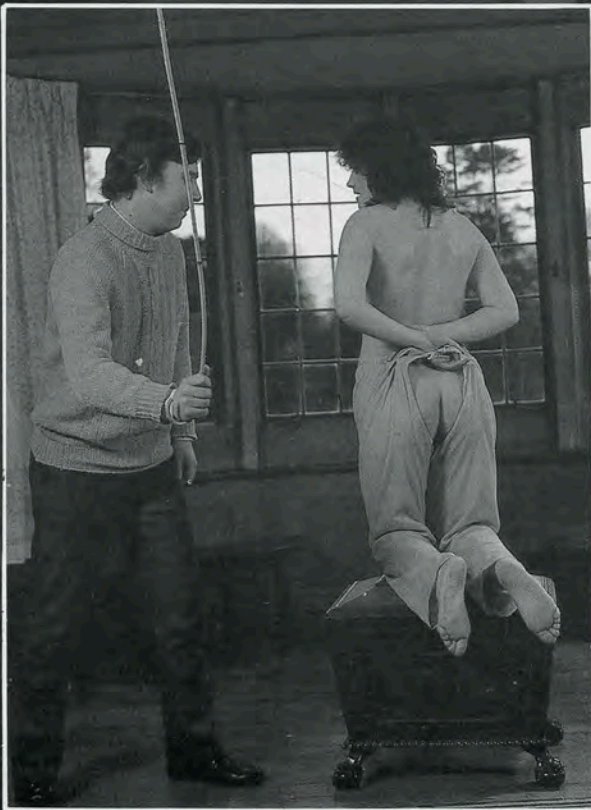
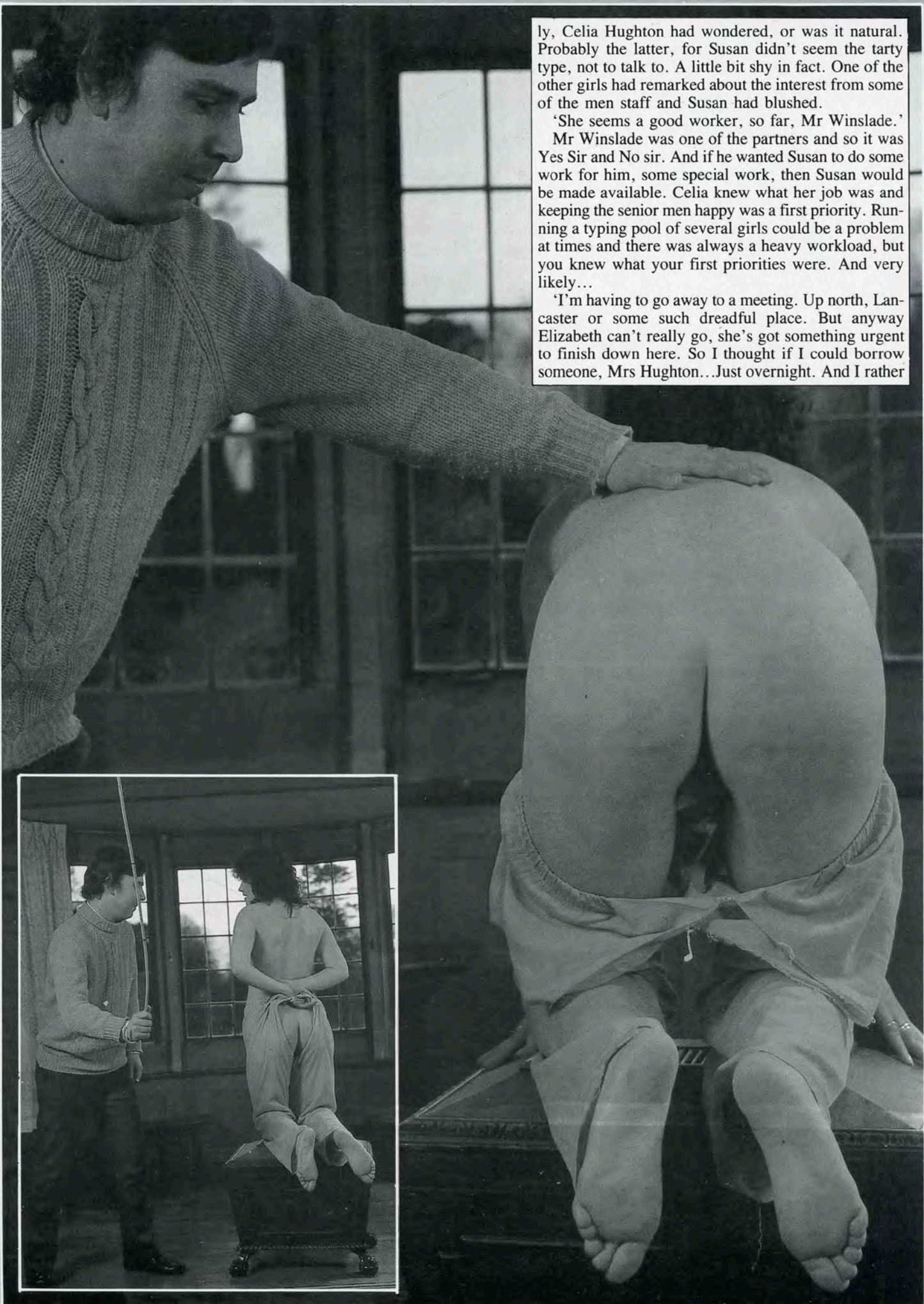
Yes. Big, firm-looking boobs for one thing, and her bottom wasn't exactly small either. With a certain motion to it when she walked. Quite a distinct and noticeable motion, a sway of the buttocks, especially noticeable in a tight skirt. Did she do that deliberate-

ly, Celia Hughton had wondered, or was it natural. Probably the latter, for Susan didn't seem the tarty type, not to talk to. A little bit shy in fact. One of the other girls had remarked about the interest from some of the men staff and Susan had blushed.

'She seems a good worker, so far, Mr Winslade.'

Mr Winslade was one of the partners and so it was Yes Sir and No sir. And if he wanted Susan to do some work for him, some special work, then Susan would be made available. Celia knew what her job was and keeping the senior men happy was a first priority. Running a typing pool of several girls could be a problem at times and there was always a heavy workload, but you knew what your first priorities were. And very likely...

'I'm having to go away to a meeting. Up north, Lancaster or some such dreadful place. But anyway Elizabeth can't really go, she's got something urgent to finish down here. So I thought if I could borrow someone, Mrs Hughton...Just overnight. And I rather



thought that new girl. Susan Milbury you say. Yes. Mr Piercely spoke highly of her.'

Elizabeth was Mr Winslade's own secretary. A nice attractive girl and maybe she *did* have something to get finished. But equally it was possible that Mr Winslade had decided he'd like a closer look at Susan. As Mr Piercely had. And Mr Linford. Not that either of them had taken her away overnight though. With Mr Linford it had simply been some work in his office. Typing. Well, it was supposed to be typing, though Susan had looked a bit flustered when she came out. With Mr Piercely it had been some evening work, another of those rush jobs. At his house. Presumably, Celia thought, his wife had been out. Celia hadn't inquired, she didn't want to know details, life was complicated enough as it was. Susan hadn't said anything. She seemed sensible. Shy perhaps but sensible. She had after all been told at the beginning that there might be extra work at times. Which of course she would be paid for.

Celia Hughton gave Mr Winslade another neat little smile, though conscious this time that there might be



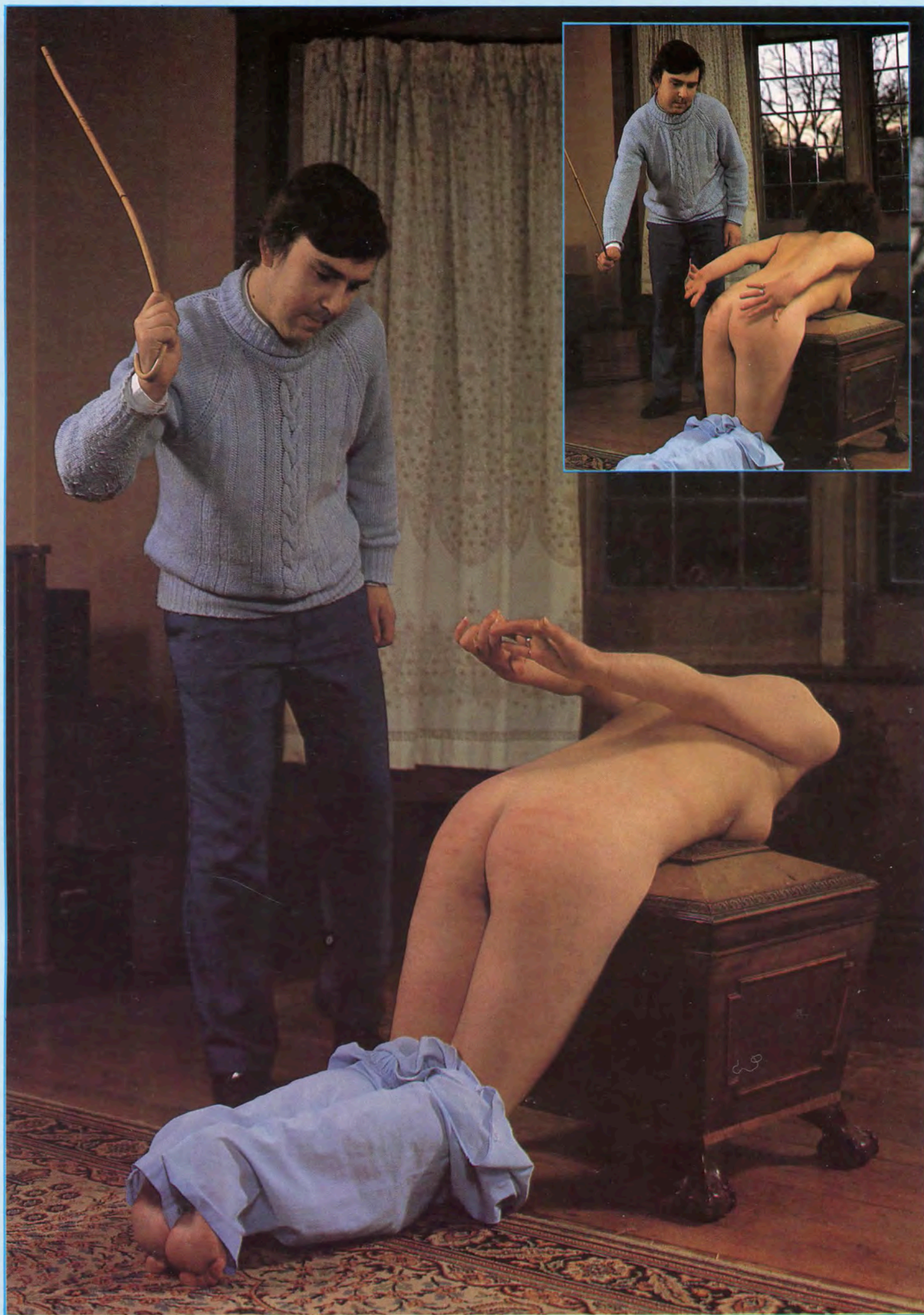
the merest flush to her cheeks. Well, overnight... 'I'm sure we can oblige, Mr Winslade. We are under pressure as always but I'm sure... Shall I speak to Susan? And then send her through to your office, if you want to have a preliminary word... when would this be exactly?'

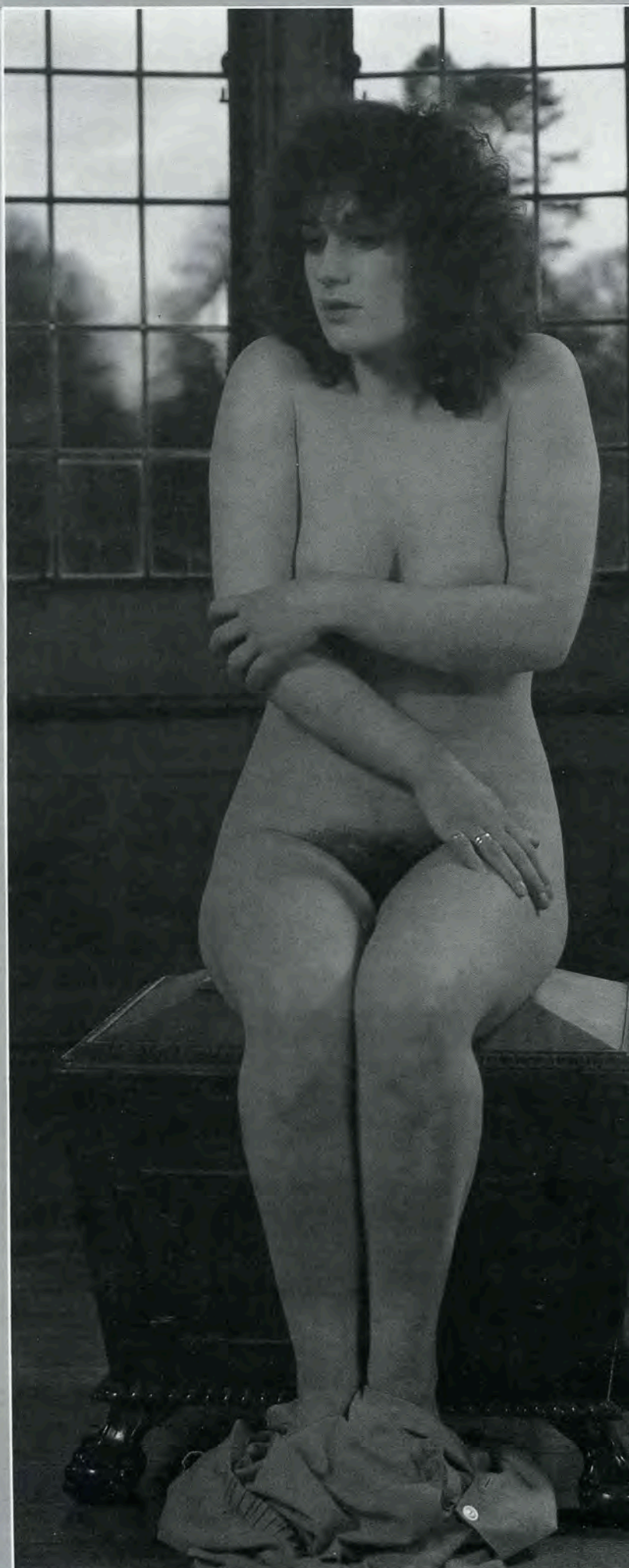
The next Tuesday. In the plush back seat of the Daimler as it sped silently north. In front of her the impassive, peak-capped head of the chauffeur and at her side Mr Winslade. Mr Winslade was chatting: various things; the company, the government, stocks and shares. All sorts. Susan was not contributing much more than Yes Sir and No Sir. She didn't have a lot of conversation about such things, maybe she should read more, she thought. Though she would still be shy. And at the moment also nervous. Mr Winslade had her skirt pushed right back and his hand was on her bare thigh, high up, above the stocking top. His hand was

clasping the warm upper thigh and his fingers were down in between, in that warm space between her thighs not far from the crotch of her skimpy knickers. She was nervous of this and she was also nervous about the whole thing. Tonight. The hotel.

Maybe there wouldn't be anything, she told herself. Just dinner and then perhaps watching TV or something and then getting to bed for a good night's sleep so that she would be bright and alert for work tomorrow. But with what Mr Winslade was already doing that didn't seem too likely. She was nervous because it was the first time she had been away like this. Although if you thought about it there wasn't really anything that could happen at, for instance, Mr Piercely's house. That indeed *had* happened at Mr Piercely's house. 'Don't be silly,' he had said. 'All the girls do.' Did they? Susan didn't know. But anyway she had, finally. Was Mr Winslade going to want that?







It was a big hotel, out in the country and really plush. A country mansion more like. Susan's room was palatial too, spacious, the leaded-light windows looking out onto landscaped grounds. Of course there was still Mr Winslade to think about. It was early still, not time for dinner yet. The chauffeur had gone off, to another, smaller hotel apparently. And so there was just Susan and Mr Winslade. Who had his own room of course. Perhaps, she thought, he didn't want anything. Not like Mr Piercely. Apart from that business in the car. And that really, his hand up your skirt, well it wasn't the end of the world...But then there was a knock at the door and he came in. Susan hadn't locked it. She had thought she shouldn't. He was her boss, a *partner*, Mrs Hughton had emphasised. Although really Susan had hoped...

Mr Winslade had changed, into sweater and slacks. And he had something in his hand. What...? He came over, smiling, close to her. His arm round her waist. And as he spoke the hand slid down. To fondle her bottom. Those full, firm buttocks that had various pairs of male eyes gazing in interest whenever Susan swayed by. The hand at her bottom was distracting, but she heard and understood what he was saying.

'OK?' he queried finally. It wasn't OK but there wasn't much she could do about it. And she still didn't really know what...

Mr Winslade had let go. 'I'll give you ten minutes then.' He smacked her bottom and then he was going back out.

Susan looked at the pyjama trousers. They were large. A man's blue pyjama bottoms. They would be very big on her, even though she was a big girl. And then she saw...The seam between the legs had been opened. The opening at the front had been extended right round and up to the waist at the back. She felt herself flushing. But nonetheless she started undressing. Just these pyjama bottoms, he had said. Nothing else.

But why? Why did he want her in men's pyjama bottoms that had been split open between the legs. Well, possibly she could think...

Oh Christ! Oh no! When he came back in...Mr Winslade had a cane. A long and dreadful looking cane...She hadn't thought of that. No, she had thought possibly...well, like Mr Piercely. *But not a cane.* 'No!' she breathed. 'You *can't*. Not that...'

'Don't be silly,' Mr Winslade grinned. 'Come on. Take them down and kneel over this stool.'



